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*Walter Carter*



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Walter Carter

# WALTER CARTER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

REMINISCENCE

1823-1897



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**A**N autobiography of Walter Carter, written at the solicitation and for the entertainment of his children, begins this book. It was left unrevised, and is presented as it was written. The remainder, the condensed product of a mass of material, may afford a word-etching to bring again to the vision of his friends the bright personality which they have loved and "lost awhile."



AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



## I.

I WAS born in the town of Earlstoun, Berwickshire, Scotland, on the 19th of May, 1823. My father was Thomas Carter, and my mother Agnes Ewing,—both excellent people.

My father and his ancestors for many generations had been natives of Earlstoun, and were noted for great strength of body and vigor of mind. My father was one of the strongest men I ever knew. He was short, thick-set, and had great power in his arms. Even in old age, if he had a firm standing-place, he could bear almost any weight on his back or shoulders. He was a great reader and a close thinker. He had made up his mind on all the great problems of the day,—political, economical, and religious,—and held to those opinions with great tenacity. I often

looked up to him in wonder that, like Goldsmith's parson, "One small head could carry all he knew."

My mother was born in Sprouston, two miles south of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, on the Tweed. She was of medium height, of fair complexion, had a sunny, open countenance, and her children, at least, thought her beautiful, even when she left them at the age of over fourscore. I have been told that, when my father brought home his bride of twenty summers, the neighbors said a handsomer couple had seldom been seen.

I was the ninth child in a family of eleven, all of whom grew up to manhood and womanhood, and for forty years there was no death in the family, my father being the first to be called away. My father's family, according to their ages, were: Thomas, Robert, Agnes, Margaret, Janet, John, Mary, James, Walter, Peter, Isabella. My parents were both earnest Christians, and strove to bring up their

children in the fear of the Lord. They were members of that branch of the Presbyterian Church called at that time the Anti-Burghers, because they declined taking what was called the Burgher oath. My earliest recollections are of family worship, morning and evening, kneeling by my mother's side. This duty was never neglected; for, in the absence of my father, my mother always conducted the service in his place. My father was mighty in prayer, and I often think of him with gratitude; but my mother's prayers were so tender and loving that they come back like a benediction, after a lapse of fifty years.

The first Sabbath-school in the south of Scotland was opened in our village about the period of my birth. It was held in a little stone cottage, thatched with straw, built among the ruins of the Rhymer's Tower (Thomas the Rhymer of Scottish ballads); the stones of which it was built were taken from the ruins.

The Sunday-school was conducted by Rev. Mr. Crawford, the “Relief” minister of Earlstoun, and brother Robert was one of its earliest teachers. It had no library, pictorial papers, or helps of that sort. The Bible and the Catechism were our text-books and they were faithfully used.

At four years of age, I began to attend a school taught by brother Robert. It was held in a stone cottage on the main street of the little village, near the “Green.” I was a short, stout little fellow in those days. The benches (merely a slab with four legs supporting it) were all of the same height for large and small scholars, and, when I was mounted on one of them, I seemed like Mahomet’s coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. On one warm August day, I fell asleep on the bench; and, nodding hither and thither, soon rolled on the floor. This set the school in a titter; and, to punish me for the crime as well as to prevent its repeti-

tion, I got a sound thrashing from the teacher's "tawse" (a leather strap).

My first book was a thin board, whittled small at one end, so that my little hand could hold it. On one side the A-B-C's were pasted, on the other the "a-b, ab's." That board kept me busy for a month or two, mastering the rudiments of an English education; and it was thoroughly done. I have known the letters ever since, and seldom fail to place them properly. At this school I learned to read and write. At the age of five I entered the parish school, taught by a Mr. Walker (brother Robert having gone to the Academy of Peebles, to prepare for the University of Edinburgh), and continued my studies. He was an excellent teacher, and taught the classics, as well as the English branches. Brother James became a good classical scholar, being two years older than I; and I began Latin before I left for America at the age of nine.

Our house stood near the west end of

the town, the Eildon Hill distant five miles on the further side of the Tweed; the Black Hill, covered with broom and heather, the famous "broom of the Cowden Knowes," growing at its foot; Carlisle, with its beautiful woods and brier, was just above it. It was a beautiful spot, and every tree or brush, every bridge or stream, had a legend or history. No wonder the Scotchman has a vivid imagination, there is so much in his birth-place to call it forth.

Our house was long and low. The shop, in which six hand-looms stood, adjoined it; for Earlstoun was a manufacturing village. Earlstoun gingham, still celebrated, was then all made by hand-looms. We had plenty of company. Besides our family, we had good neighbors all around us, for the weaver was an intelligent man. He could hang his book before him, and study while his hands were busy. Brother Robert studied his Latin and Greek in that way.

We had the best cow in the town, which we children took pleasure in herding at the pasture, in company with others of like occupation. My father had a donkey, noted for speed and endurance. Few horses could distance him in a three-mile race. Two, three, or even four of us children would get on "London" (as we called him) and ride off a mile or two. I remember, on one occasion, I was the last of four on his short back. As we went into a brook to let him drink, I felt safe, for those before me had the pressure; but when he turned around to come up the hill, I slid off, and fell ignominiously into the water, emerging like a half-drowned rat, to the no small amusement of the bystanders.

I can recall, at the distance of over half a century, a few scenes of school life that may interest my children. Saturday afternoon was a playtime; but one Saturday our teacher asked a few of us to remain for an hour, while he read to us Gold-

smith's "Deserted Village." He was a very fine reader, and it was a great treat. I think it was the beginning of my love for books, and especially poetry, which has given me no small pleasure all my life. On another occasion he read to us in like manner Cowper's lines on seeing his mother's picture.

I was very proud, when eight years of age, to be called up before all the school as a boy to be trusted, and sent by the teacher, who was also tax-collector, a distance of ten miles from the village, to collect an assessment of two pounds. In a flood, the bridge that led in that direction had been carried away, and pedestrians had to cross on large stones. I started on them, and, while near the shore, on the smaller stones, I did very well; but as I got near the middle of the river, where the water was deep and the current strong, I could not reach with my short legs from stone to stone, and in jumping I fell in, got a good ducking, and might have been

drowned ; but, clinging to the stone nearest the shore I had left, I crawled out, went a mile down to the other bridge, and, following the course of the river, found myself in time opposite the steps on the side next my destination.

I found the good farmer at home, and he put the money in a paper and gave it to me without a receipt, as was customary in those simple days. I had never carried such a weight in my life, and felt very anxious not to lose or be robbed of it. As I returned, I considered my way. I could not try the steps, with all this money. I had never gone by the highway round through the woods. At this moment, the bugle of the guard of the mail-coach was heard behind me, and the coach soon clattered past me at the rate of ten miles an hour. I sprang for the hind axle, which was, happily, just within my reach, and, clinging to it, while my little feet pattered along on the road, I was whirled a mile or two on my return

journey in a very few minutes. As I put the money into the master's hand, he laid it (the hand) on my head, and with a smile and kind word commended my accuracy and despatch.

On another occasion, the cry of "the hounds" was heard in the recess hour, and the boys rushed pell-mell after the red-coated fox-hunters and the hounds. Out of the village, over the bridge, on over the moor we went; and when two miles away, we heard the bell for school. Our hearts sank within us, for we knew the fate of the truant awaited us. We went back with trembling hearts, and each got a thorough drubbing with the "tawse" before we were permitted to take our seats.

The discipline was severe; and when his anger was aroused, the teacher had no mercy; but he was a good teacher, and trained many excellent scholars in his school. I have often wished that I could have had two or three more years with him.

At the age of eight, an event took place which changed the whole current of our family history. Brother Robert graduated with honor at the Edinburgh University, and expected to spend his life in his native land as a teacher. He was warmly indorsed by Prof. Pillans of the university; and, on application for appointment to a vacant parish school, was cordially received until the committee discovered that he was a dissenter in Church matters. That spoiled all. He then resolved to go to the United States, where both Church and State were free.

Separation was a great trial to our united family; but my father had always urged the young and strong to go, and he acquiesced in the choice made by his son. My mother felt it more deeply; but he left with the blessing of both parents. He wrote frequently, and, at the end of the year, sent for all the family to meet him in New York.

The steam-looms for weaving had now

taken the place of the hand-looms, so that only one out of the six in my father's shop was employed, while he had turned his attention to other business for the past two years. It was an exciting time. A large number of weavers went to Canada or the United States. Eleven large families left our little village at the same time with us, all going to Canada.

Robert had taken our passage to New York on the good ship *Francis*,—the vessel in which he had crossed the year before, from Greenock to New York. The cholera had, in the meantime, broken out with great virulence in Great Britain. Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Greenock, through which we had to pass, were full of it, while the vessel sailing for Montreal left for America from the west of Scotland, where the cholera had not yet come. Our neighbors urged us to go with them; but, all the arrangements having been made by Robert, we concluded to trust in Providence and go boldly on.

I can recall the farewell visits to friends; the good wishes, the auction sale of household goods, as well as of the beloved cow and donkey. One visit especially impressed me. My aunt Isabella had been for a lifetime housekeeper at Bemerside House, the seat of the ancient family of Haig. With my sister Mary, I started to spend the day with "Auntie Tibbie," as we called her. We walked the five miles in the cool of the morning, ran around the farm and park all day, and towards night started for home. Aunt showed us the gallery of old portraits, the oaken stairs, the blood on the old floor which would not rub out, being shed in strife between brothers, the battlements built breast-high to protect the archers from their English foes, the grim old helmets and breast-plates, the long spears and heavy claymores of the Scottish infantry; all of which made a deep impression on my young mind.

After the fatigue and excitement of our

visit, it will be conjectured that I was not very fresh for the five-mile walk home. The way was lonely; and, the darkness coming on before half the distance was accomplished, I utterly gave up, and, lying down at the side of the road, refused to move. But sister Mary was equal to the emergency. Taking a stick from the fence, she got me astride of it, and on that wooden horse I rode bravely home.

## II.

BIDDING farewell to friends and kindred, we started on our pilgrimage about the first of April, 1832. At Edinburgh and Glasgow we were entertained by friends, but at Greenock we slept in a hotel, and during the night heard loud groaning in the next room. We were told in the morning that a man had died of cholera.

The sea, the ships, the sailors, were all novelties, and we entered on our voyage with all the enthusiasm of children. But next day, as we passed the coast of Ireland, a storm came on which laid up the whole family with seasickness. For three days no one tasted a morsel, and all regretted that we had left our quiet home; but fair weather and favorable winds came at last,

and we found many pleasures for the young and hopeful in “life on the ocean-wave.”

I was rather a favorite with the sailors; and, while they were mending the sails, or cleaning the deck, I listened with wonder to their long yarns,—whether true or false, alike wonderful to me.

In mid-ocean a calm came on, and we lay perfectly still. As we began to weary of this, the sluggish current of things was stirred one day by the appearance of a fine turtle, slowly making his way over the placid sea. The boat was launched, and the mate with half a dozen sailors started for the prize. A harpoon was ready, but how to get near without attracting attention was the question. The mate, a powerful man, decided to catch it in his arms and take it alive. But just as he plunged his arms in the ocean, the turtle disappeared down into the depths, and the discomfited mate returned crestfallen to the vessel.

After a prosperous voyage of six weeks,

we caught sight of the Highlands of Navesink, and soon found ourselves at Sandy Hook,—the first vessel of the spring.

How lovely and green the first land in the new country looked, after a long restraint! Staten Island was never better appreciated than by our ship's company; but our hopes were sadly dashed when, on the arrival of the doctor's boat, we heard that quarantine for cholera had been established, and it might be six weeks before our feet could touch the "sacred soil" of the New World. My father made a special appeal to be taken off in the boat, to meet his long-absent son; and, as he was the picture of health, the surgeon thought he ran little risk in permitting him to land. But now a new difficulty arose; having landed, he could not be permitted to return, but must wait until the quarantine was ended before he could rejoin his family. After three days, the doctors again visited us, and the passengers, defiling before them, gave such proofs of health that they

gave us a “clean bill,” and permitted us to come up to the city in a lighter, while the ship lay at anchor until she could be fumigated and cleaned.

The sail up the lower bay on a fine May morning was delightful. We landed at quarantine on Staten Island, and were detained for some reason for a few hours, and there first touched the soil of the land that was destined to be our future home. From there to New York was a continual wonder; the little steamboats, light and cheerful, not grimy with coal-smoke like those now used; the breadth and activity of the bay; the air of eagerness that distinguishes a Yankee crowd,—all were new and interesting. We landed at the foot of Cedar Street, North River; not crowded, as now, with ponderous Atlantic steamers, but partially occupied with sloops like our own. The tide was low, and it required a climb to get up from the sloop. A colored man held out his hand to help me up; but I was not then familiar with his

race, and visions of the Evil One pressed upon my mind, so I turned and fled.

Some one helped me up; and then came the question where we should go in this strange city. Father and brother Robert had gone down by the steamboat to the ship, not knowing that the passengers had left. One of our number inquired for Liberty Street and Grant Thorburn's store, to which our letters had been addressed; and soon we were on our way across the city, and had a cordial welcome from the old gentleman.

Soon Robert arrived, and we found that he had places provided for us, and, for the last time, I think, in our family history, father and mother and the eleven children were all for a brief space under one roof. We thanked God and took courage; His providential care had been greater than we knew, for our neighbors who went to Canada were eleven weeks in crossing the ocean, landing in Montreal in the heat of July; the cholera was already before them,

and many of them perished. In one large family, very much like our own, both father and mother and all the children except one little boy died before they reached their destination in Upper Canada.

We spent two days in New York; and then, putting our baggage on a North River towboat, we started up the river for Albany, a trip of twenty-four hours. Everything was new; the scenery on the shores, the small barns and cattle, the light wagons used instead of carts, the little boats, the noble river, the hopes before us, so bright to our young imaginations, made the trip a continual ovation.

My two eldest brothers and my two eldest sisters remained in New York, being accustomed to city life; but our family (father and mother and seven children) was still large enough to prevent loneliness. At Albany we were met by half a dozen farmers with their farm-wagons, to take our baggage and ourselves up to Charlton, Saratoga County, where Robert

had prepared a cottage for us,—a ride of twenty-seven miles almost due north from Albany.

Father and mother were comfortably seated in the family wagon of an old Scotchman, while the younger ones enjoyed their ride with Captain Hollowell, a Scotchman's son. He was delighted with the broad Scotch brogue, and asked questions on all imaginable subjects. We dined at Schenectady, and crossed the Mohawk on a flatboat, horses, wagon, and all. This was quite a new mode of navigation, and we felt doubtful of the issue; but all landed safely on the other side. At dark, we were left at the hospitable home of an old neighbor who had preceded us two years and who felt like an old resident. After two days, we were taken to our cottage, our luggage arranged, and such new furniture purchased as might be needed; but for weeks we could not realize that we were off the ship, and that

objects would stand upright without upsetting.

As the season was too far advanced to enter on a farm, my father took a survey of the field, and made himself familiar with the methods pursued by farmers in the new country. Brother James and I went to school at Bowlsby's Corners, two miles from our house. The school closed in July, and an old farmer, who was born in the same village with my mother, invited me to his home, where I spent three months, until the school reopened.

This was my first lesson in farming, and I could not have learned under kindlier auspices. The old farmer and his wife were like father and mother, and their sons and daughters were all that I could desire. I was delighted with the new field of duty, and all seemed pleased with me.

The family were all grown up, and I had all the indulgence shown to a favorite younger child. Indeed, but for the sound principles of the old lady, who used to

overhaul me pretty sharply when I went astray, I do not know but I should have been spoiled. We had a blind horse, "Old Tom," and a cart which I drove all over the farm with the old gentleman, and he would tell the neighbors, to my satisfaction, how many steps I saved him in the twenty-four hours. The eldest daughter, as she saw me following her father through the field, would say, "There goes Jacob and Benjamin, the son of his old age."

In December, I went to the district school, and, though but nine years of age, found that in spelling and reading I was far superior to the farmers' sons much older than myself, — accomplishments which have been useful to me ever since.

In the spring of 1834, we removed four miles northwest, to the town of Galway, Saratoga County, where we remained all the time I remained in the country. Brother John was the head man on the farm, and kept Peter and myself steadily

at work. We were hearty and sound in body and mind, and the years passed pleasantly on.

Both father and mother were great readers, and I inherited this taste. We had brought a good library with us,—a good investment, as books were then scarce in America. The wet days and the long evenings were spent in this way. In 1838, John left us, and at the early age of fourteen I was left in charge of the farm. Father had never taken kindly to farm-work, and was advancing in years, and had the theory that a man who had worked up to sixty years should spend the remainder of his life in trying to benefit his fellow men, and in preparing for the world that is to come.

He was a sturdy anti-slavery man, and our house was one of the stations of the “underground railway.” I remember one Sabbath morning, as we were kneeling at family prayer (it was winter, the thermometer was near zero, and the snow

was deep) we heard the back door opened and closed. When we rose from our knees, we saw, shrinking against the wall, with a hunted look on his face, a large negro, his hair and clothing covered with snow. He was provided with a bountiful meal, which he devoured with the voracity of a half-starved man. My father ordered the best horse in the stable to be harnessed, and (for the only time I can remember) left his family to go to church without him, while he drove away northward with the fugitive. He did not return until nightfall. I remember my father's prayer that night, and his cry, "How long, O Lord, how long shall this cursed traffic be carried on?" It made slavery more real to us than years of talking or reading.

He was also a zealous temperance man, or "teetotaler" as it was then called, and took his part in all reforms at public meetings and elsewhere.

I had, therefore, to plough and to sow, go to market, and in all things take the

place of a man. I was bashful and modest, and while it was no trouble for me to do my share of the work, being neither lame nor lazy, the marketing and outdoor business was pretty trying. But I have no doubt it was good for me, forcing me out into the world when my feelings would have kept me quietly at home. My mother used to call me her little man, and say if I were a dog I would never go into deep water, yet if I were thrown in I would in some way swim ashore.

In 1841, Peter was called to New York (James had gone there in 1833), and I was left alone (of the boys) with such hired help as I could get. My father and mother, my widowed sister Margaret and her little boy, with my youngest sister Isabella, at that time formed our home family. I look back with a good deal of satisfaction to those happy days. I knew I was a great comfort to my parents in their old age, and I had no thought of any life but that on a farm,—was contented

with my position, and thankful for my mercies. I had gotten all the educational privileges of a country school, and my evening reading (books being freely supplied from New York) made me a well-read man among my fellows. We had a debating club at the schoolhouse, and that drew me out of my shell to discuss all manner of questions with the neighboring farmers and others who might visit us.

For twelve years I remained on the old farm in Saratoga County, with my father and mother, contented and happy. I had good, sound health, plenty of hard work, was my own master, fond of horses and cattle, enthusiastic in what seemed likely to be my life-work, a voracious book-worm, with my father's library and a good supply from brother Robert's book-store of the more modern literature. But a great crisis in my life was at hand, and came upon me before I was aware.

### III.

IN March, 1844, I had been drawing saw-logs to the mill to repair and enlarge our farm-buildings, and finished one day in time to drive over to the post-office at Galway for the New York mail. I found a long foolscap letter from brother Robert, stating that brother James had broken down in health from close confinement to business, and had gone South for his health. If I wanted to change my life-work and come to the city, I might take his place so far as I could. I read it with surprise, but had no idea of accepting the offer. I was satisfied with my work, was a good farmer, and had some doubts whether I should ever be a good anything else. I was the only son at home, and how could I leave my father and mother in their old age?

When I came home I, as usual, read

the letter to my father and mother. Mother exclaimed at once: "Walter, you're not going to leave us?" I said: "No, I have never thought of it;" but father said: "I don't know, let us consider it." The drouth had been very severe for three years and the crops poor; the prospect for a young farmer in the East was very discouraging. Brother John had been talking of coming home, and we had thought of buying more land and going on together. After talking the matter over, I said: "Let John come home, and let me accept this opening and try New York."

I wrote to brother John, and he was glad to come home. New York was a sort of El Dorado to a young man; fortune and fame seemed to lie there. My father said: "You have good health, good habits, a good education, a taste for reading. You have read a great deal, so you are as well fitted for the book business as any of your brothers." It was a trying

time. The change was very great. To leave a good home, after having been petted and praised by all around, and go in as a boy at the foot of the class, and at twenty-one learn the A-B-C of a new business was a serious matter.

I shall never forget the fervent prayers of my father and mother as I left the home of my childhood and youth on the morning of March 18th, 1844. It was a dreary March day. The snow had been deep; the roads drifted full; a thaw had lasted for some days, and the level snow had melted and the mud was deep; but half the way was full of snow-banks, soft and slumpy. Neither sleigh nor wagon could go through; so putting a few necessaries into a bag which I strapped behind the saddle, I mounted and rode fifteen miles to Schenectady, to take the train. A little Welshman walked down and rode the horse back. It took five hours, as I could not go over such roads faster than a walk.

Brother Robert had directed me to come down by the Albany boat, if the river was open; if not, to take the Albany and Boston Railroad to Pittsfield; then down the Housatonic Railroad to Bridgeport; then take the boat to New York. My first question at Schenectady was: "Is the river open?" "Not yet," was the reply, "but a boat is trying to get through, and may be up to-night." I stayed with a friend all night, and found in the morning that the river was open, and a boat would leave Albany at two o'clock. After breakfast I took the cars to Albany, carrying my bags. I called on a schoolfellow in Albany, who took me to dinner and then to the New York boat and said: "Good-bye." I then felt I was alone, had left the last of my country friends.

We left the docks with difficulty through great cakes of floating ice; and for miles down the river the great side-wheels crushed through the ice with a loud, grat-

ing sound. I made my supper from the lunch I had brought from home; and so my fare was all I had to pay, one dollar. Our progress was slow; we left Albany at 2 P.M. and it was 9 A.M., March 20th, when we reached Cortlandt Street, and 10 before, a very hungry man, I got my breakfast at 88 Watts street. My bill for the trip was \$1.50.

I found my brother had left for the store at an early hour; my sister-in-law was in great trouble about the severe illness of her little baby boy, now Robert Carter, Jr. The doctors had almost given him up and his aunt Annie had been sent for to help in nursing him in his illness. After breakfast your aunt Jane asked me to come up to the second-story front room, where the sick child was. Little did I think whom I should meet there. I saw your mother for the first time, her who has been my good angel ever since. She had the sick child in her arms and was trying to hush him to sleep. I remember after all these

years just how she looked and what she had on. She wore a lavender or heliotrope dress, with a spreading vine running over it, buttoning up to the neck, with a little red ribbon and white linen collar; her hair as she always wore it, through all fashions, parted in the middle and carried smoothly back behind the ears. She received me modestly and kindly; and from that time we were fast friends, only friends for years, neither of us dreaming of anything else. What an influence she had on my life, God alone knows. After my dear mother, no human being has had such a power over me; and that influence was always exerted for all that was pure and holy, upright and sincere.

I entered on my new life buoyant and full of hope. I looked around me carefully to study the secret of success. I found that wealth was the object of worship on the part of the multitude; and I studied the character and qualifications of the successful men. In 1844 a pamphlet was

published with a list of the "rich men of New York," all who had over \$100,000. To my surprise, brother Robert was down for \$100,000. We had not realized how rapidly he was growing wealthy. A number had a million, but only three had over a million. The richest man in America was John Jacob Astor, with \$9,000,000. Stephen Whitney had \$6,000,000 and James Lenox \$3,000,000. I knew and respected Mr. Lenox, who was always doing good with his money. He felt that he was the Lord's steward, and he held his money in trust for Him. He bought a great many good books and gave them away, and no good cause was left by him unaided. Stephen Whitney came in occasionally, very pleasant and courteous. Mr. Astor I had never seen, and I was anxious to see him. I thought to myself: "I have good health, no bad habits, a good business education, a good social position, I am prudent and eco-

nomical, and I cannot see why I should not in due time be a millionaire.”

One day I was sent on an errand up-town from our store in Canal Street, and as I passed above Prince Street I saw an old, feeble man coming out of a two-and-a-half-story brick house, a man supporting him on either side. As he came down the steps to a plain carriage, he missed his footing and came near falling, and, as he turned his face to the man on that side, he seemed so angry that I thought that the possession of \$9,000,000 would not compensate for the evil temper the face betrayed. On my way homeward I had some solemn thoughts on the great purpose of life.

On my return to the store I found all busy, packing boxes to go by the Albany boat at 6 P.M. It was then 5, and the porter was called to take the boxes down on his hand-cart to the boat. Irish Tom was a good old man, very poor; he was often run into by the drays and his cart

broken, and a subscription would be taken up to pay for repairs. When at leisure he was fond of reading his New Testament, which was well thumbed. As I was the last clerk, I was sent to find Tom, who had disappeared. At last I found him behind a pile of boxes, reading his New Testament. I called: "Tom, hurry, hurry! Get ready for the boat." He replied so cheerfully, so happily: "Oh! Mr. Walter, just one moment; hear this one promise," and he read one of the sweet promises of God's word. That night in reviewing the day, I offered the prayer, "Rather, O Father, the position of old Tom than that of Mr. Astor." I have never forgotten this scene, and have never repented of my choice. After all, Agur's prayer was a grand one: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

What changes have come over the great city in those fifty years! The men who do the business and the mode of doing are changed. The rush of New York life is

constantly turning up something new, and the lapse of years has swept away the active brains that guided the current of business half a century ago. In those days it was "early to bed, and early to rise." The store was opened at 7 A.M. and closed at 9 P.M. The notion of eight hours for a day's work had not then been thought of. No city express carried our bundles; but the younger clerks collected the books from the publisher, and, if the package was large, brought them up on top of the omnibus.

The largest publishing house was Harper Bros. The four brothers had each his own department, and it was well managed. Daniel Appleton & Co. consisted of the old gentleman and his four sons. Wm. S. Appleton is the sole survivor, so far as I know, of the publishers of that day. The Harpers were then where their children and grandchildren are now, in Cliff Street and Franklin Square, then Pearl Street. The Appletons were

at 200 Broadway, near Fulton Street. Mark H. Newman (founder of the Ivison house), Saxton, and Miller & Leavitt were on Broadway within a block of the Appletons. Most of the school-book and blank-book houses were on or near Pearl Street.

The Free Church of Scotland, after years of struggle with the British Government, made their exodus from the old church in 1843. As they left their churches and manses behind them, they had to build at once over four hundred of them; and, after an heroic effort at home, they sent a deputation to the United States in the spring of 1844, to ask help from their countrymen here. Drs. Cunningham and Burns and Rev. W. Chalmers arrived just as I came to town, all able men. My father and mother had watched this movement with intense interest, and I was well posted as to the grand event.

On the evening of the first Sabbath I spent in town, your mother and I went to hear Dr. Burns in the Reformed Dutch

Church in Lafayette Place. The large church was crowded with a splendid audience. It seemed as if every Scotchman in town was there, and eager to hear. Scotchmen, as leading citizens in New York, bore a far larger proportion to the population then than now. The German hosts had then hardly begun; and of late years the Scotch have been going more largely to Australia, Canada, and South Africa than to New York. The splendid stand for Christ's crown and covenant taken by the Free Church had moved the Scottish blood in all lands, and the enthusiasm was irrepressible.

Dr. DeWitt of the Reformed Dutch Church presided and introduced Dr. Burns. He was an immense man, and with his Geneva gown seemed larger still; he was a grand, good man; and from that hour I loved him, and he was a warm friend. He spoke of the sacrifice the Free Church was making for the liberty of the Gospel, and asked for the sympathy and the prayers

of the American people in her behalf. Before he got through, he turned his back on his audience, and strode slowly back across the large platform, and sat down on the sofa, speaking all the time. Dr. Burns gave out his text, Solomon's Song, ii. 11, 12, "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." I shall never forget that sermon, nor could the dear one who heard it with me. It was like a trumpet-call to duty; it had a power over me then, and it has now.

One of the greatest dangers to which a young man is exposed on his arrival in a great city is the lack of a home with its privileges and restraints. I was spared this by coming at once from the dear old home in the country, to a well-ordered Christian home in brother Robert's house in the city. Brother Peter, although younger than I, had been two years there

before me, and had found a circle of Christian companions where I was cordially received. My sister Nancy's house was always open to me and I spent many an hour free from temptation beside her. It is a great blessing to be one of a large family, and find sympathy and counsel from those of our own flesh and blood to cheer us among the trials and cares and disappointments of life; when we can in safety do good, and get good, help and be helped, as we encounter so much that is likely to lead the young and ardent astray.

Among the many great and good men whom I met at this time, your grandfather Thomson probably exercised the greatest power over me. He was in the house at Inwood or Kingsbridge, where he died six years later. A simple, plain man, his face beaming with love to God and man. Grandmother Thomson you can remember, and you knew and loved the dear old saint. After the novelty of my surround-

ings had passed away, I began to get very homesick; and, as the spring with its freshness and greenness came on, I was seized with a longing desire to get out into the country. One April day, as your grandfather was getting into the carriage after dinner at 88 Watts Street, he said: “Walter, won’t you jump in and go out with me and stay over Sabbath?” I was only too glad to go and see the beautiful home and the charming family in such good company.

I enjoyed every moment; the country air, the lovely upper part of the island, the green grass, the blossoming trees, the early blossoms, the budding flowers in the garden and fields, filled my heart with thankfulness and praise. I had often wondered what could be the source of the influence this good man exerted on all around him, and I found it then. I rose early and strolled through the garden, reading my Bible on that lovely Sabbath morning. The birds were singing, the

squirrels leaping from tree to tree, and all nature was glad; the dining-room window was wide open, and inside sat the dear, good man with his large Bible open and his face glowing with happiness. I was told that he sat there every morning from five to seven, communing with his God. I had a grand time, and went back to my duties refreshed and strengthened, and in some measure prepared for the great trial that lay before me.

For forty years we had not had a death in the family; father, mother, and eleven children were all spared to each other. My father never had even a headache all his life,—a strong and healthy old man. The previous winter he had some premonitory symptoms of heart-disease; but when I left in March he seemed likely to last for years. I think on May 10th, he rose as usual in the morning and took his breakfast of oatmeal at eight, and an hour after he was gone. Such a sudden call and such a shock to us all! To him it

was a great relief: "Instant glory," instead of a lingering illness. He was "aye ready" to meet his Lord. He had been looking for and longing for his Lord to come, and was ready when the call came to enter into the joy. This was the first break; but, before a year had passed, Thomas in August, and James in the following February had gone to meet the dear father in the kingdom of heaven.

James was still in the South, and Thomas in Pittsburgh at the head of a prosperous business. James hurried home, and spent the summer with mother, much to her comfort in her sore bereavement. I went up with James, and spent two weeks with mother in the old home. Those were to me very solemn days. I had all my life loved to read my Bible and pray, keeping holy the Sabbath; both father and mother, believing me a child of God and an heir of heaven, had pressed and prayed me to unite with the visible Church; but a deep feeling of unworthiness

had kept me back, a dread of proving a hypocrite and a backslider; but the comforts and promises that cheered my soul in this great trial made me to see my privileges and my duty, and I joined the dear old Scotch church by profession of my faith and rejoiced in the sense of forgiveness and grace and salvation. In looking back over the fifty years, I bless God for His mercy to me a sinner, that He found for me a place in His earthly home and has ever since cheered me with the hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

The business in which I was engaged brought me into contact almost daily with the best men and women of the city and country. Brother Robert's object in life was to publish only such books as were elevating and useful; and, as he was the pioneer in that business, he brought those of like sympathies around him. On Monday mornings the evangelical ministers of all denominations came in, and we had

rare opportunities for improvement. I have always regarded it as one of the tokens of God's favor that He placed me so early in life amid such surroundings. Would that I had improved my opportunity to His glory and to my temporal and eternal good.

My father was a good deal disappointed to find in this free country millions of men created in the likeness of God, who were held in cruel bondage; and it made him look back to his native land at times with a good deal of regret that he had brought such a large family into a land of such boasted freedom, that still held one-fifth of its population in slavery. For these and other reasons he never became a citizen by naturalization. As his being naturalized while some of his sons were under age would have made them citizens, he resolved to let them have the power of choice. He died before his youngest son was twenty-one.

In 1844 occurred one of the most excit-

ing elections ever held in this country, and I became at once warmly enlisted in promoting the election of Henry Clay. The Thomson family were all on fire with enthusiasm. Your uncle Mason Thomson was a marshal on horseback at the first political procession I ever saw. National Hall, in Canal Street near our store, was open every night; and after the store closed for the night, I would often go in with a crowd of friends and hurrah for Henry Clay. This soon led me to think that I must vote for him, and I was naturalized in the Marine Court, November 3d, 1844. Your mother that was to be took a warm interest in this, and I found her a safe adviser. This led me to take a warmer interest in public affairs than I had ever done before. I had lived under the administrations of Andrew Jackson, Martin Vanburen, and James K. Polk; but Vanburen was the only one I had ever seen. He came into our store with his kinswoman, Mrs. Throop Martin;

and we had a good talk of an hour with him, much to our satisfaction. His son John, years after this, used to come in frequently. I have since seen President Pierce, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Cleveland, and Harrison.

Our store, 289 Broadway, was under the Irving House, the leading hotel of those days, where the leading politicians used to congregate. I used to go in there in the evenings when some celebrated character was there, and get a good look at him. Thus I saw Clay, Webster, Cass, and Generals Taylor and Scott. Taylor had short legs and a long body, Scott long legs and a short body. Taylor was great on horseback, Scott on foot.

One morning a great crowd collected in front of our door, and I went out to see what was the matter. Kossuth had just escaped from Austrian tyranny by an American ship and brought to this country, 1851. He had been the president of

the Hungarian Republic, and had mastered the Austrian monarchy and secured the liberties of Hungary. But Russia with her barbarian hordes had come to the help of Austria, and the traitor Gorgei had surrendered to the allied army, and Kossuth had to flee. He landed on Staten Island in December in cold, frosty weather; he was the idol of the hour, and crowds welcomed him wherever he went. In a heavy overcoat lined with fur and a "Kossuth hat" he stood on the balcony over my head and addressed the applauding crowd. I stood in the cold for half an hour and listened to his splendid oratory. He had in his Austrian prison a copy of Shakespeare and an English and German dictionary, and had become a master of the English tongue.

About this time I went to Washington for the first time, 1853, and saw the President, Pierce, the Senate, and House of Representatives. It was the golden period of great men. In the Senate I saw and

heard Seward, Sumner, Benton, Jefferson Davis, Cass, Webster, and a crowd of others. I had seen Seward in Albany, when he was Governor of New York, and felt interested in him. Sumner had delivered his great lecture in the Broadway Theatre. He was a fine-looking man, and dressed well, though fearfully conceited; but all his eccentricities were overlooked when Preston Brooks, like a brute, struck him down with a cane. The lines were drawing closer between North and South, and the irrepressible conflict for liberty or slavery was soon to close in blood. The race of giants was fast passing away, and I was glad to see them ere they passed away from the scene of action, and to hear their voices, as I did with many of them, ere they were silenced forever.

My father was one of the original temperance men, and the family have all followed in the same line; he was also, like most Scotchmen, an Abolitionist. So I

heard Garrison, Greeley, and John B. Gough with deep interest. The latter had only begun his grand career when he was drugged and fell. We mourned over his fall and prayed most fervently for his restoration. When it was announced that he would speak again in the Broadway Tabernacle, the liquor interest was aroused, and Isaiah Rynders, captain of the Tammany Empire Club, boldly declared that he would lynch him if he attempted to speak. Two hundred young men volunteered to protect him, and with stout hickory canes your uncle Peter and I sat with the crowd, armed ready for the fray. He was unusually eloquent; and, after speaking half an hour, fires were kindled in the street and men were shouting. A woman fainted in the audience and we sprang to our feet with our cudgels; but it was a false alarm, and he got safely to the end.

Anthony P. Halsey, president of the Bank of New York, was one of the active

Christian workers of that earlier day. One winter evening on his way up town he called at the store with a Sunday-school missionary who was spending a week with him. Mr. Halsey was married to a sister of A. R. Wetmore, the noble first president of the New York City Mission, and so his house was naturally a resort for all missionaries. Mr. Halsey introduced his friend as Rev. Mr. Chidlaw, of the American Sunday-school Union, laboring in Ohio. He has been a sort of life-long friend to us all. Born in Wales, he came in early life to Ohio, and probably founded more Sunday-schools than any living man. He sat at our table, talked with our children, preached in our church, and helped in every good work. In a good old age he left us for the mansion in the skies, two years ago. He was rich in spiritual things, and by his conversation and example he "shone as a light in the world, holding forth the word of life."

To return to my life in the store, we

had the best of companionship, and old and young were kind, intelligent, and most of them Christians. A good old elder of the Spring Street Church, Mr. Steele, showed me a great deal of attention, and his conversation was helpful. He was over eighty, but cheerful and kindly as a young man. He was a reverent and careful reader of the Scriptures, and he used the "sword of the Spirit" with a skill that showed he had perused it for himself. He was a retired dry-goods merchant and knew men and things. Another, my old friend Mr. Joseph McKee, whose children are still with us, used to call almost every week as he came up from down-town with supplies. He was a Covenanter elder and a great admirer of McCheyne, whom he read almost every day after his Bible. He went down deep into the treasures of the Word, and brought up things new and old. I am trying in my old age to make some return for what I received by draw-

ing the young people nearer to Christ, and it is my meat and drink to help some weak young disciple nearer to the Master and His work.

As I came to take, as far as I could, brother James' place in the store, I found I was expected to take his place in some measure in the house and in the church and Sunday-school. He had a fine class of boys—nine or ten of them—from ten to fourteen years of age, bright, intelligent boys from Christian families, and those that are living have all turned out well. Years after, while I was lamenting to one of the older boys my unfitness for the office of teacher, he said: “Why, Mr. Carter, it was a splendid class, and a splendid teacher, and see what they are now. You are an elder and a Sunday-school superintendent. Of the boys, three are elders and two are superintendents of Sunday-schools.”

We had a very fine Sabbath-school and an excellent teachers' meeting on Wednes-

day evenings, when the Sunday-school lessons were thoroughly discussed, and the teachers taught, which was of great service to me. Dr. McElroy, our pastor, was still in his prime, and his sermons were a blessing to many. Take him all in all, he was about the best preacher I ever heard, and I have heard many. He never wrote his sermons, but spoke "off loof," as the Scotch say. His sermons were thoroughly studied, and he used all the aids that were really helpful; but the Bible and Matthew Henry were his main reliance. He was in dead earnest, and his hearers felt it with power.

I had always been what was called a bashful boy. I shrank from public duty, and declined speaking or praying in public. But this had to be broken through, and brother Robert spoke to me about it, as he was our Sunday-school superintendent. I told him I could not lead in prayer in so large and intelligent a school, and he seemed to submit; but one rainy night at

teachers' meeting, when few gentlemen were present, we all knelt down and he said, "Will Walter lead in prayer?" I whispered my declinature, but we still knelt in silence until I was constrained to go on.

A little later, I was pressed to volunteer service in the City Mission, under Rev. Mr. Grey of the Fourteenth Ward, and he was in the habit of calling on me for a word of exhortation or prayer. He was taken ill, and was laid aside for six weeks, while I took his place as far as I could. He was very grateful; and when I called to see him, "What can I do for you for all this kindness?" he asked. I replied: "Never call on me to speak in meeting or pray." He said: "That will never do; it would be a great injury to you and to our work. You must promise me never to decline when asked." I would not promise, but I think I have never since declined.

We had some queer specimens among

our workers, and they needed careful management. It was in 1845, or 1846, that we had cottage prayer-meetings in various tenement-houses, and the workers spoke and prayed, Rev. Mr. Grey presiding. The old and new school Presbyterians united with others in the work, and there was still a good deal of bitterness in some of them. One old elder from the new school seemed to feel that he had a mission to convert me as a younger brother who had gone astray, and one evening he insisted on arguing the matter before the meeting began. This rather annoyed me, and I said: "Let us leave this till the close of the meeting, and then we can have it out." He said: "Will you wait then?" I said I would. In the meeting, Mr. Grey asked the old elder to lead in prayer, and he poured out his soul, confessing our sins, saying that we were helpless in our work without divine aid, and asking forgiveness and grace to help us in this time of need. It was a good old-

school prayer, and he was a good man. As the meeting closed, he said to me: "Now let us have it out." I said: "We have had it out; I will take your prayer as our joint confession of faith, and nothing further is needed." He was quite surprised, but could not deny his prayer, and we were ever after fast friends.

I learned a great deal of charity for other denominations by working thus together with others; and anything that might have seemed rigid in my early training was easily rubbed off, while the sturdy backbone of Calvinism or rather Pauline theology, I hope, remains intact. How important to hold the "Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!" I thank God daily for my early training in Bible and Catechism, and also that your mother had a like training, which with her clear logical mind enabled her to grasp the truth and hold it without doubting to the end. Grandfather Thomson was very unlike your grandfather Carter, but they

were alike in this: Both had been early taught to reverence the Word and to hold sacred all that it taught without wavering; and the two grandmothers were helpmeets in bringing up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Although I was wonderfully sheltered from temptation by my surroundings in the store and in the home, I had still enough of evil in my own heart and in the world around to warn me to be constantly on the watch. I was naturally of a social disposition and fond of society, old or young. Among the many homes that were open to me and brother Peter, there was one old Scotch couple, an elder and his wife, on whom, with his sons and daughters, intelligent, bright people, we liked to call, and were cordially received. They were all good company, and, as they had ample means, kept open house. One evening while we were pleasantly chatting with the young ladies in the back parlor, some one said the old gentleman,

with whom I was rather a favorite, wanted to have me join him and a fellow elder in the front parlor. I went in, and was cordially welcomed. I sat down and felt very much at home, but soon a servant brought in a tray with decanters and glasses, and I was asked to try the toddy. I at once declined as best I could; it would have been so much easier to accept. The old gentleman became very angry and said I was no Scotchman to refuse the national drink. It was a severe test, but I was learning the lesson how to say No, and it did me good. I have never been so severely tried since, and now it is easy to say No, and stand to it.

A little text has had a good deal to do in shaping my life and saving me from trouble: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." I have found by experience that it is helpful especially for a young man "to learn to say No," and to say No most decidedly. It is well that all around us should know just where we stand and

under which king we serve. Indeed, in a wider sense, it is important that we state our convictions promptly. I have done, I suppose, more jury duty than any of my neighbors, and I found it told on a jury if I told the eleven, as soon as we were locked up, where I stood, and that I was prepared to stand by it. In one instance, I found while the case was perfectly clear to me, only one other took my view. One, a German, said he would not yield to my view if he was locked up six weeks. After an hour or two of argument, two more joined me, and there we stuck. As the night drew on I folded my greatcoat and put it on the bench for a pillow, asking that, as we could not agree, I might be allowed to sleep. I lay down, and, I suppose, would have soon been asleep. A few were whispering in a corner, and had in some way got a notion who I was and that I would never yield. They came to me to wake me up and take a new canvass. This time it was seven with me

and five against. One of the five said to me that his wife was jealous of him and his absence would be misinterpreted. He must get out; which side would conquer? I told him most assuredly mine; the right must prevail. Another canvass, and eight were for me; and soon after another, and eleven stood for me. The German yielded between nine and ten, and we all got home. It taught me a lesson, and from that time I always announced my opinion and gave my reasons.

One Sabbath afternoon on a hot August day, we two brothers and a friend were leaving Sunday-school, and, as our church was closed for repairs, were returning home, when we saw on a door of an up-stairs hall in Canal Street the announcement: "Good preaching here." We went up-stairs, and found a rough-looking man with his coat off, haranguing a hard-looking crowd, and we soon found he was a Mormon elder looking for recruits. We soon took his measure and left, as we had

been too well instructed in the Scriptures to be caught by such chaff.

This incident reminds me of the Millerite delusion of ten years before. Mr. Miller, a Baptist exhorter, had been studying the prophecies, and had ciphered out the end of the world in August, 1839. He was pushing his scheme at Galway Corners in the Baptist Church, and there was a good deal of excitement. Peter and I asked father if we could go and hear Miller. He said: "You may, if you will tell me what he says, so that I can correct what is false." We heard the lecture, but the man was so ignorant and so worldly that we were not taken with him. Father bought Miller's book and read it, comparing it with the Bible; and he soon showed us how silly and weak the expositor was, and how important it was to study the Bible for ourselves; and then we should not be "carried away by every wind of doctrine of those who lie in wait to deceive." But some of our neighbors

were carried away by the delusion. A farmer came in one day, and, in talking over the prediction of the end of the world, said: "It must be true, for it is written on the barley-leaf."

My father turned to us and said: "Boys, bring in half a dozen stalks of barley." When we examined them, sure enough there was '39 on the first leaf. We were startled; but my father said: "Wait; we must not settle it on the testimony of one leaf. Let us see what the others say."

So we took up another, and that looked like a different figure; another,—but none agreed with the first, and the neighbor went home, rather mortified.

Another neighbor, who was a very close man, was well convinced of the approach of the end of the world. Some one said to him: "If the world is coming to an end this summer, you will not need that great pile of wood. Why not send it to a certain poor widow?" The man was much

embarrassed, but thought of a text to uphold his position,—“ Occupy till I come.”

Brother James and I being nearest in age were very dear to each other, and his long illness was a sore trial during the first year of my New York life. Three of our best New York physicians attended him, and some months on the farm raised him up in strength so much that we had strong hopes of his recovery. As winter approached he came back to New York, and in December and January, 1845, the old symptoms returned. An old friend urged us to try a homœopathic doctor, but we laughed at the little pills and passed him. In February he grew much worse, and at a consultation of his doctors it was announced that the end was near, and would probably come within twenty-four hours. Medicine had ceased to help him, and his diet was reduced to gruel; even milk was forbidden.

I sat up with him on what was supposed to be his last night. He suffered from

gnawing hunger, and plead for a bit of steak or a glass of milk; both were denied by directions of the doctor, who said that hemorrhage and instant death would result. I was sorely tried; it seemed so hard with plenty all around us to deny him food. At last I suggested the calling of a homœopathist, as he, it was said, would allow food. I asked him if I should call in Dr. Wright, and he said: "Do."

It was early dawn, and I went into the hall for my hat and overcoat. Aunt Jane came out saying: "Is he worse?" I said that he was, and I was going for Dr. Wright. She said: "He will kill him." I replied: "The other doctors have given him up, and say he can't get through the day, so we will try the other." I called in Dr. Wright. He ordered milk and beefsteak and anything James wanted. He lived in comfort for six weeks and had no more hemorrhage. So Dr. Wright was our doctor till he died, and we are still homœopathists.

What a change that year made in our family—father and brothers Thomas and James all in one year! How lonely and desolate it did seem! Mother was sorely tried, and at last sent for me, to see if I would not come back to the farm and comfort her old age. I went up and spent two weeks with her. Everything in New York seemed bright and inviting, while the farm seemed less desirable than when I left. John, Margaret, and Isabella were there, and after a long talk, when the day for my return came, mother said: "Well, if you will stay just one day longer, I will let you go with my blessing." I stayed till the next day, and as I came down the Hudson, near Coxsackie I saw the steam-boat *Swallow*, on which I had expected to come down the night before, with her bows on a rock and all the berths beneath the water. I saw if I had not obeyed and honored my mother, I should have been with the crowd that perished in the deep water that had drowned so many.



REMINISCENCE.



## IV.

LONGFELLOW, referring to Hawthorne's unfinished romance, "Septimus Felton," once wrote:

"Oh, who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clue regain?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain."

As the writer of the preceding pages parted from his son at the beginning of January, 1897, speaking with reference to his autobiography, he said: "Yes, I will go to work upon it now; but it can never interest anybody but my children." Three weeks thereafter the busy hand laid down the pen forever.

The autobiography closes the story of bachelorhood. Would that the graphic pen had but left in its bold, free strokes the story of courtship and marriage. In the

pages granted us is the first meeting with the young woman who afterward became his wife. The young people frequently met at the home of the elder brother and in the home of Mr. Samuel Thomson, who indulged in what was at that time the somewhat unusual luxury of a summer establishment in addition to a city house. On the eminence rising from the railway-depot at Inwood, the northernmost station on Manhattan Island, Mr. Thomson had built a home in the ample and classical colonial style, and the woody heights about it lent a picturesque setting. Mr. Thomson was a man of remarkable prescience, and his judgment concerning the future of the city, then in its earliest development, far outran the expectations of the most sanguine of those years. On one occasion, after spending a night at Mount Washington, as the heights above Inwood were called, Mr. Carter was invited to drive over Breakneck Hill and down to Harlem on the way to the city,

as Mr. Thomson wished to visit some property which he had purchased in that portion of the island. As they came down from the western hills, Mr. Thomson pointed out the low-lying Harlem, the Bronx Kills, and the more distant Sound, and expressed his conviction that the region which extended before them would become a great *entrepot* for shipping, and that the merchant fleets of the nations would congregate in that vicinity, to the vast appreciation of real estate. The correctness of his judgment receives demonstration in the recent developments in shipping interests in that vicinity.

On the occasion of one visit to the home at Inwood, then called Tubbyhook, Mr. Carter took a stage which ran to Kingsbridge over the old Bloomingdale road, the lower part of which is now known as Broadway and the Boulevard. An election had been held in the city that day, which was of more than local interest, and on the vehicle were militiamen who were

returning from special duty, as a riot had been feared. The stage rumbled on for three or four miles along the country road bounded by fields, until they reached the old tavern near what is now Forty-ninth Street, where they drew up to water the horses. About the tavern were gathered a group of farmers who at once pressed up to the stage to learn from the passengers how the election went "down there in the city." The report was given, and the farmers mounted their wagons, and drove home with the first news. To-day churches north of the old tavern-site are saying that they are already in the ebb-tide of population and must move up-town.

When Mr. Carter landed in New York in 1832, its northern limit was Canal Street. Some fifteen years later, when he had made New York his home, one Monday, the specially clerical day in the store beneath the Astor House, two prominent clergymen met and one inquired of the other where he had been hiding himself

that he had not made his appearance in that place on Monday for so long a time. The other replied: "I found that I was breaking down in the roar and bustle of this great city. I have moved out of the smoke and dust into a quiet place in the country where I can study and write without interruption. It is possible to sleep out there away from the noise. Come out into my neighborhood and take a new lease of life."

"Where is this Arcadia of yours?"

"It is called Minetta Lane. We see nothing but green fields, with here and there a farmhouse." The curious will find Minetta Lane at the foot of Sixth Avenue as it turns into Carmine Street below the curve in the elevated road. It is notorious for its nightly brawls and its degraded negro population.

At the home at Mount Washington and in the homes of her father and her sister in town, Mr. Carter had many opportunities of seeing the slender, delicate, refined

woman who exerted so powerful an influence upon his life. He was fond of telling in his own irresistible fashion—a mixture of tenderness and jocularity—that his father had advised him, when marrying, to find a woman with a good head,—adding “And so I did.”

A few days after the last page of his autobiography was written, during the last earthly conversation in which he took a part, as he commented upon the brief autobiography of a former acquaintance, the question was asked:

“Why don’t you write your recollections, Mr. Carter? You have met so many well-known men, and had so many interesting experiences; you could write a biography far more interesting than this.”

“We have been coaxing him to do so,” said one of his daughters, “but he has written only a little beyond his twenty-first birthday.”

“That is a very important birthday,” was remarked.

"Yes, but not the most important in your life," replied the daughter, turning to her father.

"No, the twenty-sixth," was the quick response.

"Was that the time you were married?" asked a listener.

"Yes," spoke Mr. Carter, in his usual lively and hearty way, "that was the time I got the best woman in the world. I don't believe my mother would grudge my saying that. They were both good women."

A lady, sitting near, turned to him, smiling. "That man is thrice blessed, Mr. Carter, who has a good mother, a good wife, and a good daughter."

"I have two good daughters," said the dear old man; "and a good son, better yet. No, not better," he added quickly, fearing that the expression might be misinterpreted; "they're all good. I make no distinctions between my children."

Eliza Ann Thomson was, as has been

indicated, a younger sister of Mrs. Robert Carter, and even in his father's home in Saratoga County, Mr. Carter had heard much of her from members of the family who had met her. "When I used to hear them talking about her," once said he, "I used to think that, when I had grown up and made my way in the world, I would marry some one like her, and I wondered whether she would have me."

Even in her girlhood her intellectual ability was generally recognized. Her brothers delighted in drawing her into argument, and often when defeated they would tease her by saying: "Annie, you ought to be a lawyer." Her courage was extraordinary for one so delicate. On more than one occasion she faced thieves who had entered the house, displaying a coolness and readiness, most disconcerting to the intruders. Her brother Charles had a horse which no one but himself would drive. On one occasion he came into the city home and said: "Annie, I'm going

out to Tubbyhook; would you like to go?" She assented, and mounted into the buggy drawn by a horse behind which no woman had ever dared to sit. The hostler gladly released the restless animal; he sprang forward up the street, straining at the bit; and turned up the avenue, the traces hanging festooned from the shafts. On and on he sped, up hill and down for thirteen miles of hot roadway, the traces never straightening in all that distance, drawing by the bit every step of the way in his furious speed; but the plucky girl never showed the least symptom of alarm, enjoying the drive as much as her intrepid brother.

In early childhood her general health and especially her eyesight were impaired by an attack of scarlet fever, so that her studies were frequently interrupted, and her school life painful. Nevertheless, so keen was her appetite for information and so retentive her memory that her knowledge became far more extensive and defi-

nite than that of most of the women of her generation. Her mind was to a marvelous degree stored with poetry, and many a time a sick child was lulled to rest by her soft, rhythmic voice, reciting one piece after another for an hour or more until sleep relieved child and mother. Nor was this gift useful merely to her own; many a child of strangers was carried safely through some nervous or wilful fit by her lively recital of some fascinating story in rhyme.

The wide range of her information as the years passed made her valuable to many of every class in the community. With marriage, the mental development of many women terminates; in her case marriage meant greater expansion. It was Mr. Carter's delight to read aloud to her and to his children, often for hours at a time, a practice begun in early childhood by reading to his father. Thus his wife was enabled to keep abreast of the thought and discovery of the day, while her wifely

and motherly tasks were undiminished. As her children grew up, she encouraged them to read to her the books they were studying. When her son passed through college, he translated to her the larger part of the Latin and Greek authors which he studied. One summer, at various hours of the day, the several members of her family read to her from six different books, which she assimilated without confusion. Not infrequently it was discovered that her recollection of the book thus read was more accurate than that of the reader.

Despite her defective sight, she did much sewing for her children and household. Her daughters still treasure specimens of the tiny, even stitches. In a time of "financial stringency," she developed a remarkable talent for "cutting and fitting," and great invention in turning dresses "upside down and inside out." She was economical without stinginess, buying always what was both good and beautiful, but only when she could afford

the cost, and when the article was suitable to the quiet, comfortable style of the family living.

They were married on the 23d day of May, 1849, and began housekeeping at 51 Vestry Street, then a pleasant residence portion of the city. Referring to the day when the young wife left her father's house, Mr. Carter once wrote: "My mother in catechising her eleven children used to remark that the fourth and fifth commandments were the hinges on which the stone tables of the law turned: the fourth, the last concerning our duty to God; the fifth, the first concerning our duty to man; and if these two were well kept, all the rest would follow. When I left his [Mr. Thomson's] house after marriage to his daughter, Eliza Ann, he led her down the steps of the old mansion and put her into the carriage to go to the city, and in our own house start a new family. With tears in his eyes, he could only say, 'Annie, remember the Sabbath day to

keep it holy.' I thought it a little strange then, but every year I live I think it more wise, more faithful." That fatherly valedictory received full reverence in the new home throughout the years of wedded life. The day was a holy one, kept from all defilement and frivolity, a day of rest and joy, filled with pleasurable employment to the upbuilding of a robust Christianity. The day was never profaned by travel, and a Sunday newspaper found no welcome in that home. The church services and the Sabbath-schools occupied a large part of the day, and the evening was devoted to a family service in which the catechism had its part, religious poetry and portions of Scripture were recited, hymns were sung, and the whole family brought close together in the concluding prayer.

Mention has been made in the preceding biography of the neighborhood prayer-meetings and the tract-distributing which interested Mr. Carter at this time; and an

incident was given illustrative of his diffidence in the presence of strangers or of a large gathering. Frequently in referring to this time he said that he made his visitation by mere force of will, and that in calling from door to door he found the stately homes of wealth more appalling than the dark hallways of the tenement-houses. Once he said:

“On one occasion, when I knocked at a door on an upper floor of a miserable tenement, a rough voice within seemed to give an invitation to be gone, rather than to enter. I knocked again, more loudly; and the door was flung open by a burly fellow, who demanded what I wanted, and threatened to kick me downstairs unless I cleared out. I was a young man then, and rather stout and strong, and I thought it might be a question which of us would do the kicking. I looked at him, and smiled a little, and he seemed to be struck with the same idea, and quieted down, and asked again what was my

business. I stated what I was doing, and he asked, ‘What are you paid for this?’ ‘If you mean in dollars and cents,’ I replied, ‘no one pays me. I don’t receive a cent for this. I expect my pay from my Master in heaven.’ Then he became more civil, and listened to what I had to say, and accepted a tract from me.”

On one occasion, his district-visiting led him to a room where a woman was leaning over a wash-tub, while five children played on the floor. He asked her whether she attended church. She replied in the negative, and pointed to the children.

“There’s my reason. I’ve never been to church since my first baby was born, and I had to stay at home with it.”

“Does your husband go to church?”

“Yes; sometimes.”

“Well, I’ll tell you what my wife and I do; I go to church in the morning, and she stays with the baby. Then, in the afternoon, I take care of the baby, while

she goes to church. Talk to your husband about this, and see whether he won't arrange it. These are his children as well as yours, and you want them to be the Lord's children. How can you bring them up rightly, if you never go to church?"

Years afterward, a nicely dressed, pleasant-faced woman stopped him, as he was leaving the prayer-meeting of a neighboring church.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Carter?"—and she recalled the incident.

"My husband took turns with me as you suggested, and we took the children to church and to Sunday-school; and everything has prospered with us since then. We attend this church now, and here are all our five children with us to-night."

Years thereafter, a very happy, smiling young mother came one evening to church, and said to one of his daughters: "Your father told me that story about the poor woman and her husband, who took turns

in taking care of the baby. We had never thought of it, but Mr. W— is home with the baby to-night."

In 1852 began a new chapter in the life of the young couple, who made their first venture in real estate. So entirely were they one in purpose and execution that it is proper to speak of this as a joint experience. Mr. Carter purchased a house in Twenty-first Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, then in the village of Chelsea, separated by a long series of vacant lots from the closely built city. They were soon surrounded by relatives who followed their example in escaping from the regions becoming less desirable as places of residence, nine households in all residing within easy walking distance.

At first, however, it was lonely, and the friends far down-town. The Scotch Church was located in Grand Street, where it occupied a white marble edifice of Ionic architecture. The distance was too great to be undertaken more than once a day;

but the religious nature of Mr. Carter could not be contented with one church service on Sunday. A Reformed Church stood on Twentieth Street, eight hundred feet distant, and it was not long before he found his way within, and was enlisted as a Sunday-school teacher. The experience gained in teaching the class of his brother James was now applied in instructing a class of boys. The manly and genial character at once commanded their admiration. Often in after years he spoke with affection of that class in the gray stone church, though his modesty hindered a correct estimate of what had been accomplished. As with the former class, the scholars in manhood demonstrated the value of that contact with manly intelligence and sympathetic cheeriness.

In the new home a little family grew up. In 1853 the Scotch Church moved to Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue, and as the years passed the children were taken to church and to Sunday-school.

The home was happy in wise Christian culture. There were no flabby, sentimental theories of moral suasion. Punishment was infrequent, but inflexibly administered when deemed necessary. There was no nagging, no teasing, no sneering, no begging on the part of the parents. Duty was a high word in that house; right was the test of all things; obedience was expected and obtained, because no unreasonable demands were made. The parents were more exacting critics of themselves than the children could be of their parents.

It was the father's delight in the summer evenings or on the Saturday afternoons to take his children to the Hudson, to enjoy the salt breezes from the as yet unpolluted river, playing on the lumber at the wharves. Trips on the river-boats to Fort Lee and to Staten Island were especially prized; and in all the outings he brought the resources of a well-stored mind to the entertainment and instruction of the little ones. As the years wore on,

the travel was extended; the summers were marked not only by sojourns in the country, but by visits to various places of interest. Albany, Pittsfield, Springfield, Boston, Trenton Falls, Rochester, Utica, Newport, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, the Catskills, Niagara, and many other places, contributed to the education of the young people, a progressive series including a family trip to Europe.

Twice was the little household shadowed by death. Little Willie, the third child, was a bright yet timid boy, sensitive, loving, and conscientious. His plays were quiet, and he was careful of his toys. One of his greatest pleasures was lying on the floor with a quarto copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" spread out before him. Mr. Carter had published an illuminated edition of Bunyan's allegory, and brought home a copy as a present to his eldest daughter. The little fellow, though only three years

old, never tore or stained a page. He would bring it to his parents with the inquiry: "What is the story of this picture?" When the request was met, he would return to his place and pore over the bright pages for hours.

The father's heart was greatly drawn out to the shy, frail, affectionate little fellow. He was proud of his two boys as they ran before him hand in hand, their curls dancing about their happy faces. He was fond of all his children; but Willie was not strong, and his father thought anxiously about him. The cold weather came on. He was prostrated by typhoid fever. The physician looked grave. A day came when the father remained at his boy's bedside. To his mother who was near him he said: "Ma, I saw Grandpa." "Oh, no, Willie," was the reply, "you could not have seen Grandpa; Grandpa is dead." "Yes, Ma, I saw Grandpa, and he said, 'Don't be afraid, little boy.'" Somewhat later, he looked up and said:

"I am like Christiana's son in the valley of the shadow of death." It came up to him in that hour when young and old must step out alone, the figure of the boy groping forward in advance of his mother in the gloom of the dark valley. Only three years and a half, but he knew the way through the valley and into the sunlight beyond.

The first break in the family circle was a severe one to the loving father. In Scotland at a father's death the eldest son bears the head of the coffin and the second son the foot. When Willie ceased to breathe, his father bowed at his bedside, and with the thought of the Scotch custom in his mind, said with quivering voice: "I thought to have two sons to lay me in the grave." That was all. He rose in the strength of faith, and resumed to the full his life of service, assured that the will of his heavenly Father was naught but love.

A little over a year after Willie's de-

parture lovely golden-haired Mamie came to bless the home ; but after sixteen months of patient suffering, she too closed her blue eyes upon this earth's sunshine and shadow, leaving behind memories that shall not die.

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## V.

THE outbreak of the Civil War involved considerable loss to the business of the firm, inasmuch as some of their best customers were retailers in the South. Not only were future sales cut off by the war, but moreover a large proportion of the accounts, which were after the custom of that day on long time, never were paid. Nevertheless Mr. Carter stood firmly to the stalwart anti-slavery principles of his father; and not only supported the government by speech and influence, but even went to the recruiting headquarters to consult with an acquaintance in charge. His friend told him that it would take two months to give him sufficient drill to send him to the front, whereas they had an able-bodied German, fresh from the military training of Prussia, who could be sent

to the front within a week. His friend said to him: "We need such men as you are at home to speak and act for the government, and you are worth more to us here than you could be in the field." At once Mr. Carter made arrangements that three substitutes should be sent, one for each of the three brothers. This was prior to any talk of a draft, and was therefore equivalent to a personal enlistment in response to the call of President Lincoln.

At the opening of the war Mr. Robert Carter took his family to Europe on the graduation of two of his sons from Princeton Seminary; and, in pursuance of a long-cherished plan, they spent more than a year abroad. The business was conducted vigorously during his absence, by Mr. Carter and his brother Peter, and from that time Mr. Robert Carter was absent continuously during the warm season from three to five months, while for the months of July and August the two younger brothers alternated in taking charge of the

business, each having one week in New York and one week in the country.

On Monday, July 13, 1863, Mr. Carter left his family on a farm near Sharon, Connecticut, where they were spending the summer, and set out for a week in the city. As the train reached Forty-second Street, where the locomotive ran into the roundhouse, and four-horse teams were attached to the cars to draw them through the tunnel to the terminal station at Twenty-sixth Street, the train was surrounded by a raging mob of men and women. The rioters attacked the car, pounding on the sides with clubs, and hindering the driver from coupling the pole. As they waited and the tumult continued, some one without struck at the car just where Mr. Carter was sitting. The butt-end of the club entered the window only a little before his face, and was withdrawn for another blow. Meanwhile the driver, who was of the same nationality as the rioters, coaxed the crowd, saying:

"Now, byes, be aisy. Ye'll be asther making me lose me job. Be aisy, will yees?" and after persuading them to release the horses, he laid on his whip with a will, and the splendid team bent to their work after a fashion that sent the car into the tunnel as never car had entered before that day.

The passengers, terrified beyond measure by this assault, quieted somewhat as they passed through the tunnel; but Mr. Carter, glancing down Thirtieth Street toward the East River, saw another mob running in the direction of the car. He remembered that on entering the station the car would run to the further end from which there was no exit, and he estimated that by the time the passengers had walked through the station to Fourth Avenue, the mob would be upon them. He had with him, besides his own property, a valuable watch which a friend had requested him to leave at Tiffany's. It would never do for him to attempt passing through a mob.

He grasped his traveling-bags, stepped to the rear platform, poised himself a moment on the lower step to get the motion of the car, leaped to the ground at Twenty-eighth Street, and ran to Madison Avenue. An omnibus was passing, into which he climbed, and there from the solitary occupant he learned that the Irish population had broken out in opposition to the draft, and that the city was at their mercy.

Alighting from the omnibus at Spring Street, he found the clerks in great excitement over the news, and business at a standstill. Rumors of atrocities increased all day; houses were burning, stores were pillaged, human life reckoned as nothing. General Wool established his headquarters at the St. Nicholas, diagonally across Broadway from the store. A cannon was placed at the intersection of the streets above and below; and quiet settled upon that region. At one time a disorderly rabble was seen coming down Broadway toward Spring Street. Immediately orders

were given, the gunners sprang to position, a charge of grape was rammed home, and all was in readiness; but the mob took no comfort from the appearance of the black muzzle; they were out for plunder, not for hot shot, and the dark mass melted away before the ominous silence of the erect figures at the gun.

But elsewhere in the city the mob had its own way, and the people shrank from appearing on the deserted streets. As evening drew on, Mr. Carter went to the home in Twenty-first Street, and found the Irish cook in quiet possession, ignorant of the disturbance. After supper he set out to learn how matters were going in the homes of the relatives in the vicinity. Calling on his brother-in-law, Mr. John Thomson, he found the family in great excitement. The rioters had been in that street, and had taken a colored waiter from the house two doors from theirs, and hanged him to the lamp-post before their door. Mr. Carter joined Mr. Thomson

in endeavoring to allay the fears of the ladies, who had been witnesses of the atrocity, and were almost beside themselves with alarm. So he went from one to another, cheering with his brave, hopeful spirit all whom he met.

All night the fire-bells sounded their startling alarm, and the sky was red with the unsubdued fires, for the young men of the volunteer fire department were everywhere attacked and driven away by the mob. The morning broke hotly upon a city cowed by lawlessness. Mr. Carter went to the headquarters of the home guard which was hastily recruited for the protection of the city; but found that the roster was full, and the only method of assistance would be by joining the municipal police force. He therefore occupied himself in seeking the alarmed and lonely, and cheering them as they abode in apprehension.

One of these visits was made to Mary Titus, a colored woman, who had often

assisted in house-cleaning and in various other services. She lived in Christie Street, a negro quarter, east of the Bowery. The region was like a sleeping city when he entered it, walking on the edge of the sidewalk to be safer from any sudden assault from a doorway. By his usual ready adroitness, gaining admission to the closed tenement in which she lived, he found the terrified inmates crowded into the back yard, which they had occupied for two days and nights without food. The good woman was overjoyed to see him, and begged him to pray with them there, saying: "Oh, Mr. Carter, the Lord will hear *you*." Many touching incidents have been published in connection with the story of the war; but none can surpass the beauty of that scene when the man, who had risked his life to give comfort to a poor woman, standing in the midst of that group of dark-skinned men and women, took off his hat, and besought the great

Jehovah to protect and save His persecuted people.

He told them that General Wool was in town, that the citizens had risen in defense of the city, and that the militia were driving back the mob; that the worst was over, and soon the streets would be quiet and safe. So he stilled their terror, and left them smiling with hope.

Meanwhile, out in the country his wife waited with her children, praying in torturing suspense. Word had come of the outbreak of riot; but the mails were interrupted, and it was not until several days had passed that Mr. Carter got word to her by way of Albany that the lawless were under control, and nothing further was to be feared. Those days of strain were passed in a marvelous dignity of faith and self-control. Mrs. Carter said little in response to the wild rumors which ran riot over the land. That the strong, firm patriot walked the streets in safety in those days of peril was doubtless in no small

part in response to the prayer of faith which went up hourly from the brave wife in her loneliness.

Mr. Carter inherited his father's muscular strength and physical endurance. In character he was a happy combination of the Celt and the Saxon; the impulsive, enthusiastic and generous Celt was blended with the prudent, thrifty, persevering, sunny Saxon. He was known as a good-natured man, but granite-firm in his stand for principle. He came of a stock whose religion pervaded their lives. The entire week was sacred to the divine service, each day bound about by prayer, each moment instinct with the consciousness of the divine Presence. There was a joyous and restful sense of watchful love ever present to bless and guide. It filled the hours of labor and leisure, consecrated the business transactions, and determined the character of the recreations.

This life of joyous Christian service

found its culmination in the various activities connected with the church. Whenever its doors were opened, it was his pleasure to be present. As he was, during the larger part of his life, a man of robust health, rarely indeed was it the case that his seat was vacant at the time of religious service. When the summer called the family into the country, every Sunday saw them in the neighboring church, and Mr. Carter delighted in remaining to take part in the Sunday-school, where he ordinarily was invited to conduct the adult Bible class. In the summer of 1864, which was spent at Highgate Springs, assisted by guests in the hotel, he gathered the children of the community and conducted a Sunday-school. The following year he revived the work, and thereafter had the pleasure of hearing that it was continued after autumn called him to the city. In the summers of 1867 and 1868 he conducted a Sunday-evening teachers'

meeting in Warren, Conn., which was enthusiastically attended.

In 1866 the Rev. Morris C. Sutphen was called from Philadelphia to assist as collegiate pastor the eloquent Dr. Joseph McElroy in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. One stormy Wednesday evening the young minister came somewhat early to the lecture-room and found only the sexton in the building.

"Well, Mr. Stuart," said he, "I suppose you and I shall have the meeting to ourselves to-night?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "there is one man who will be here whatever the weather."

"And who is that? He's a man I want to know."

"That's Mr. Walter Carter. He always comes."

The sexton spoke truly of him as it was then, and as it was always. Thirty years thereafter, when the church-bells began to ring, as the white head lay upon the

pillow, and the last long sleep was nearing, he caught the loved sound, and gently murmured: "Too bad about the prayer-meeting."

The young pastor found that Mr. Carter was indeed a man he wanted to know, and more and more learned to lean upon him. In that same year it was thought advisable to increase the number of elders in the Scotch Church; and Mr. Carter, with some others, was ordained April 14, 1867, to an office which he always adorned. On the day of his ordination, as the family gathered as usual for morning prayer, Mr. Carter spoke earnestly to his children concerning their responsibility as members of an elder's family, urging them to show a good example to the young people of the church, and by prayer and untiring effort so to walk as to adorn the doctrine of Christ.

The usual afternoon service was omitted on that day, and the service of ordination was held in the evening. All the hours

of that afternoon Mr. Carter spent in meditation and prayer. As he sat alone before his open Bible, one of the family, not knowing his occupation, entered the room, and at once silently withdrew, awed by the rapt abstraction of his communion with his Father. The impression of that sacred stillness left a memory vivid and indelible to this day.

The office, accepted as a solemn trust and with deep sense of unworthiness, he filled as few men have done. "I want you to be a Barnabas, a son of consolation. That is what you are made for," were the words of Mr. Sutphen to Mr. Carter as he entered the eldership. In no direction of his activity was he more blessed than in bringing to the anxious and burdened and bereaved the consolation which comes of the touch of a genuine and delicate sympathy.

Perhaps no better illustration of this rare power of consolation could be found than that mentioned in an address deliv-

ered in the Church of the Covenant, Williamsport, Pa., of which his son is pastor, by the Rev. Duncan J. McMillan, D.D., shortly after Mr. Carter's death. Dr. McMillan spoke in part as follows:

“Mr. Carter was a man of sympathy, and when I speak of his sympathy, I speak of that which I have experienced sweetly in my intercourse with him. I had been called as a minister to visit homes of sorrow and sadness; but there came a time when sorrow entered my own home, when my own heart was almost crushed, when all God's waves and billows seemed to be rolling over me. Mr. Carter entered my home, and sitting close by me and taking my hand in his, with a smile upon his face lit up by the very light of Heaven said just the things that fitted my case, just such as I needed. He seemed to divine my innermost feeling and yearning. I do not know of any other man who could have done me so much good.

“A few days later Mr. Carter walked

into my office down-town, and after apologizing: ‘I was down-town and thought of you, and ran in just a moment to say a word.’ Then he sat down by me, and said: ‘I know just how you feel. I lost a little boy once myself, and when I got out on the street the world seemed changed. Everything was going on just as it was before; but it seemed to me that it was cruel for men to be hurrying here and there about business, careless and thoughtless, just as if my little boy had not died.’ I do not know how that may impress you—it came to my heart with a tenderness inexpressible, and gave me the comfort which one feels when another enters into his sorrow; and I have felt stronger and better ever since.”

In the year 1867, in recognition of the needs of the region in which the Scotch Church stood, and to enlist the many unemployed young people in Christian work, there was organized, at the suggestion of

the young pastor, a mission-school, known as the Immanuel Sunday-school. The movement was prosperous from the beginning. The school grew rapidly until the room was filled, and as the years passed the wisdom of the conception was demonstrated as families were won to the church, and the young people interested and retained.

Entering into this work with all heartiness, Mr. Carter gathered a large Bible class of young ladies which he taught for ten years, many of the members uniting with the church while under his care, and many rejoicing in a manifest deepening of their spiritual life as a result of their contact with his strong, cheerful, consecrated character.

A few years later he was elected superintendent of the mission-school, an office which he administered until the close of 1876. The quick appreciation and ready resource which appeared in his relation with men were peculiarly exhibited as

leader of the young people who taught in the mission-school. His teachers responded to his leadership with enthusiasm, and the building was employed to its full capacity when he relinquished his office. Some of the features of the so-called institutional church were employed during his superintendency, at a time when such methods were almost unknown. The indifferent were attracted, and the mission-school became an effective feeder to the church.

## VI.

IN the spring of 1870, Mr. Carter took his family to Europe, visiting Scotland, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England. He brought to the trip all the stores of historical information, laid up by years of enthusiastic reading, not a little of which had been shared by his family as a result of his habit of reading aloud with them. As he journeyed from city to city, or strolled along the streets, the places were peopled for him with the famous of every age; and the journey was in a high degree educational to the younger members of the family.

After a delightful trip on the continent, Mr. Carter spent some time in London, mingling with the friends whom long business correspondence had made for him there. On one occasion he walked out to

Hempstead to hear the Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, afterward Bishop of Exeter, whose sacred epic: "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," had recently been published by the firm. After the sermon he was cordially received in the poet's home. In the course of a very pleasant conversation, refreshments were served, in the only form recognized in English society previous to the total abstinence movement which swept over Great Britain a few years later. As Mr. Carter declined the wines, his host seemed troubled.

"Perhaps you prefer some other brand, Mr. Carter," said he.

"No, I thank you," was the reply, "I don't know one brand from another, for I never drink any of them."

Mr. Bickersteth expressed great surprise, saying that he had always understood that "the lower classes in America were teetotal," but he had not supposed that the movement had extended to persons of refinement. Such was the prev-

alent view in the mother country at that time, an attitude much modified by the educative movement of later years.

The members of the family were called to the parlor, forming a goodly array. Mr. Carter asked how many there were in all. Two of the family had died some years before, and referring to them, the clergyman responded: "Two living, and eleven dying ones."

Leaving London, Mr. Carter spent a few weeks among the English lakes, visiting the spots made famous by literary association. The party then proceeded to Edinburgh, meeting in the ancient capital and its vicinity many relatives and friends.

While on his way to visit a cousin near the border, he found his companions in the railway-carriage discussing the war then waging between France and Germany. He was surprised to discover that their feeling was strongly in favor of the French, and that their conversation de-

veloped marked bitterness toward Germany. After listening for some time, he said: "Gentlemen, I am surprised to hear you speak in this way. For this gentleman," he continued, turning to a Dane who was of the company, "it is natural, for Prussia has wronged his country. But whose fault was that? England's! England should have interposed and hindered the appropriation of Schleswig-Holstein." He proceeded to show the reasons why, in his opinion, England should be the ally of Germany, and why he believed the defeat of the French Emperor to be probable, and to be for the good of the world.

The company listened with respect and interest; and presently the conversation turned upon other subjects. At length one of the gentlemen inquired of Mr. Carter: "When does your Commission meet, sir?" In some surprise, Mr. Carter asked to what Commission he referred. The gentleman replied by the question: "Are you not one of Her Majesty's Com-

missioners of Lunacy?" Mr. Carter accepted it as a rather severe joke upon himself; but when he mentioned it to his cousin, he received the reply: "You may accept that as a great compliment. Five of the most eminent physicians in the kingdom are appointed as Her Majesty's Commissioners of Lunacy, and you were taken for one of them." By way of accounting for the favorable impression, Mr. Carter in his usual happy vein remarked: "It was the hat I bought in Paris."

The war between France and Germany was on every one's lips, as it filled the daily papers. Even the boys in the street were discussing it. Mr. Carter took great delight in listening to the talk of the children who alone in Edinburgh seemed to have retained the broad Scotch which he had known in his boyhood. One day, observing two street-urchins gazing at the objects in a shop-window, he came up behind and listened to their talk. The

photographs of the two great leaders of the combatants were on exhibition there; and the older boy undertook the instruction of the junior in this fashion:

"Yon muckle mon is the King of Proosia; and yon wee mon is the Emperor o' the French. They're fechtin' noo (fighting now)."

"Ay," said the little fellow, "'an wha da ye think 'll lick?'"

The question, Who will conquer? was vexing many an older head; but the Edinburgh street-boy glanced briefly from one to the other; and, indicating with his finger the Prussian King, remarked with the assurance of confidence: "I think that the muckle mon 'll lick."

Among the pleasurable anticipations in planning his trip, Mr. Carter looked forward to the privilege of listening to the ablest of Scotland's pulpit orators. Some were absent on vacation, but he was so fortunate as to hear Drs. Arnot and Candlish, and some others of lesser note.

Of all the Edinburgh pastors Dr. Thomas Guthrie was the most widely known. As the publisher of his writings, Mr. Carter had known him for years by correspondence; and soon after arriving in Edinburgh he sought out the noted preacher, then retired from the active work of the ministry. He was received with great cordiality, and enjoyed to the full the opportunity of speaking of the men whom both had known.

A few mornings thereafter Mr. Carter with his wife and eldest daughter, accepting Mrs. Guthrie's invitation to breakfast, passed a delightful morning at their home. In the course of the conversation, the subject of the Franco-Prussian war naturally arose. Like the street-Arab at the shop-window, Dr. Guthrie was very positive that the German forces would prevail. He spoke of the character of the French people, and declared that their supposed readiness was all a sham, that the government was hollow and corrupt. As he

spoke, he rose from the table; and, walking to a beautiful secretary at the side of the room, called attention to the grace of its design and the high polish of its finish. Then he turned the key and exposed the interior, which was of a low grade of workmanship, fragile, and rough. He declared that the secretary which he had brought from Paris was a fair specimen of French work and French character.

Somewhat later Mr. Carter remarked that among his pleasurable anticipations had been the expectation of hearing Dr. Guthrie preach; but he feared that he was doomed to disappointment. Dr. Guthrie turned to his wife, and said: "Shall I tell him?" and then continued, "I've promised to preach for my son at the Free Church of Liberton next Sunday. Please do not speak of it, as we do not wish it to be made public. I'll write a line for you to show to the beadle, and he will put you into the manse pew."

On the following Sunday morning, it

became evident to Mr. Carter's family as they drove toward Liberton that the preaching of their beloved Dr. Guthrie was an open secret to all Edinburgh, for all along the road were men, women, and children of all classes and conditions, "walking on foot," as the Scotch say, to the little suburban town made famous to the reading world as the home of Reuben Butler in "*The Heart of Midlothian*."

At the church-door the crush was appalling. The building was already thronged, and troops of would-be hearers were approaching from all directions. What was to be done, must be done at once. Mr. Carter asked one who stood near him, if he knew any of the elders by sight. "Ay," was the ready answer, "yon muckle mon 's an elder." He pointed out a tall, broad-shouldered form standing near. Working his way to the person thus indicated, Mr. Carter presented his note. The elder declared his willingness to oblige, but expressed a

doubt of his ability to make his way through the surging mass to the pew at the other end and other side of the building.

"You are an elder," said Mr. Carter, "and they will allow you to pass. And you are a large man. Wherever you can go, I and my family can follow you." The elder slowly made his way, holding Dr. Guthrie's letter before him as his voucher to the crowd, and so conducted the party through the throng to the manse pew, which, by a sort of reverence which has not crossed the Atlantic, was left vacant, though there was hardly any standing-room left in the building.

When the great preacher arose, no one could have suspected that weakness of the heart had forced his retirement from active service and precluded the much-desired visit to America. The tall form, the leonine head, the clear resonant voice, the earnest manner, and the vivid exposition of the truth,—the man and the message

revealed the power which had held the vast audiences of Greyfriars and Free St. John's, and the ragged children of the Cowgate. There were all the old fire, the old fascinating aptitude and amplitude of illustration, as he spoke upon the words: “Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”

As the congregation was passing out, Mr. Carter, who had nearly reached the door, heard his own name ringing down the church; and, turning, saw Dr. Guthrie waving vigorously for him to return; and, standing beside the preacher, he saw a stranger, tall and erect as a soldier, his long white beard sweeping his bosom. When Mr. Carter paused at the foot of the pulpit-steps, Dr. Guthrie exclaimed: “Come up! come up here. I want you to meet Dr. Moffat.” It was the great missionary to South Africa, father-in-law to David Livingstone. Born in the eighteenth century, he was then in his

seventy-fifth year. It was more than two years since Livingstone had plunged into the unexplored regions of cannibal Africa with three faithful attendants. Not yet had Stanley organized his expedition in search of the intrepid explorer. The world had given him up for dead. Very naturally one of the first remarks Mr. Carter made was in regard to what had become of Livingstone. "Oh," said Dr. Moffat, "David's not dead. David can take care of himself and will be heard of yet." Possibly he thought of the day fifty years before when, heedless of the expostulations of his friends, he himself had penetrated to the interior and braved the terrible chief Africander, and so was given up for dead for more than a year. Mr. Carter met Dr. Moffat again a few days later at a public breakfast in honor of the veteran missionary, where speeches were made by some of the greater lights of Edinburgh, a most enjoyable occasion.

Shortly after his return to America, Mr. Carter moved his home to Forty-ninth Street, near Sixth Avenue, and soon thereafter was elected a trustee of the public schools in that ward. Into this work he entered with energy, and in a short time persuaded his colleagues to adopt certain measures which practically put an end to all political wire-pulling in the appointment of teachers. All teachers entered first as substitutes, and were advanced as their standing in college and the recommendation of the principal might indicate. The outcome was most advantageous, as the teachers soon understood that merit, and not influence, was the determining factor; and they gave themselves to excel in their work, instead of wasting time in obtaining political influence.

In 1874, Mr. Carter, after thirty years of business connection with his brothers, withdrew his interest in the publishing house of Robert Carter & Bros., and

established a business in upper Broadway for the sake of his son. The happiest relations existed between the brothers throughout those years, and the separation was effected in pleasant agreement, a close business relation being maintained between the two houses.

When the new store was ready to receive its stock, Mr. Carter and his son began to open the first box of books; suddenly Mr. Carter paused and, saying: "I don't like to begin without a word of prayer," led the way to a retired place, and, bowing his head, besought the divine blessing on the opening enterprise. In after years he felt that his prayer was fully answered, for while in that business his son received the call which led him into the ministry of the Church.

Into the new store came many ministers and other men of note, and the encounters of wit and the discussions of current topics rendered the place very much more than a mere room for the sale of books. Drs.

Hall, Thompson, Gregg, Taylor, Ormiston, Ludlow, Wilson, Lampe, and others were more or less frequent visitors. Drs. William Ormiston and W. M. Taylor came in about once a week, and Scotch humor and Scotch stories were the order of the day.

On not a few occasions, Dr. Taylor came in wearied with the pressure of the work, and would sit down, telling of the various public calls which had broken his week and interfered with his sermonic labor. Mr. Carter would sit down by him, and in a few minutes the two would be in animated conversation on some topic of common interest. After this had continued for some time, Dr. Taylor would suddenly spring to his feet, exclaiming: "I have got my sairmon! That's good. I can go right to work now;" and hurry out to his study to develop the thought suggested by some anecdote or illustration which Mr. Carter had given him.

Two of the illustrations which thus

found their way into sermons preached in the Broadway Tabernacle may be here given by way of example:

“One evening, when I was a little boy, I was sitting beside an old farmer, on his doorstep. Before us was a row of five fine large willow trees.

“Boys are inquisitive creatures, especially Scotch boys, and I asked him how those trees came to be there. ‘Many years ago,’ answered he, ‘I went down to the brook, and cut seven willow withes, and brought them up here, and stuck them into the ground. Two of them died,—for you must always plant more than you expect to grow,—and five of them grew to be those big trees.’

“‘But why,’ I asked again, ‘is the middle tree so much taller than the others?’

“He led me to the well, lifted me in his arms to the top of the curb, and told me to look down, and tell him what I saw.

“I said I saw a long white thing, like

a snake, far down in the water. ‘ That,’ said he, ‘ is a root of that middle tree. No matter how dry and hot the summer, it can never lack moisture, for it draws fresh life constantly from the well. And that is the reason it is taller and stronger than the other trees.’

“ And so it is with the Christian who lives near to God, and draws new life daily from the Word of God and from prayer. ‘ His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.’ ”

“ When I was a little fellow, on one occasion one of my brothers took me with him on the farm-wagon to our market-town. The day was hot and the road dusty, and I became very thirsty and clamored for a drink of water. My brother stopped the horse before an ancient and deserted house, and we went into the yard to find the well.

“ The house looked weatherbeaten and gray; the windows were broken, the garden overgrown with weeds and bram-

bles; but from the side door a narrow, straight, well-trodden path led directly to the well. Day by day, the tread of many feet had so hardened the little, narrow path that in all the years of neglect and absence, no grass, or weed, or bramble could grow there.

"So should it be with the Christian. Whatever else fails, the path of prayer, the way between the soul and God, the way to the well-spring of the water of life should be frequently trodden, so shall it be kept free from every entangling growth hindering the access of the Christian to the Source of blessing."

Not only in his intercourse with clergymen, but in all his contact with the widely contrasted characters who frequented the place, did Mr. Carter show his readiness and versatility. Customers were sometimes crabbed and difficult to please, yet they were met by a cheery and prompt adaptation to circumstances which was irresistible. One instance may stand for

the multitude. A towering hulk of a man came in to buy a Christmas present. He looked over the rows of presentation books, and at length found one that caught his eye. He began to look through it, but suddenly laid it down with an expression of disgust, saying: "That is a Christian book." Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Carter drew out a copy of *Æsop's Fables*, remarking: "Well, then; here is a heathen book." The man gave him a surly look; but, meeting nothing of scorn or derision in Mr. Carter's face, he was pleased with the quick readiness, and walked off with the book under his arm.

## VII.

IN 1878 Mr. Carter retired from the book business, and gave his time to placing investments and settling estates. His long observation and experience in New York real estate had developed an accurate judgment with regard to values, and his advice was much solicited by those who wished to make secure investments. One of the ablest lawyers in New York City once said to him: "I would rather have your estimate of New York real estate than that of any expert I know." Thus he was engaged in an occupation agreeable to his tastes and sufficiently active to maintain his health and mental vigor.

More and more Mr. Carter had been becoming the favorite companion of his daughters and his son. His wide reading and extensive acquaintance with men and

things, which rendered him so acceptable among men and women, were as freely at the disposal of his wife and children. The family life was one of rare enjoyment. Mr. Carter had a high sense of the duty of sharing our good things with others, especially the lonely; and many were the evenings of social intercourse with friends old and new, and many a young man made his first social acquaintance in the gatherings under Mr. Carter's roof.

Dr. John G. Paton, writing of his going out into the world, says: "My dear father walked with me the first six miles of the way." When Mr. Carter's son went to college, the two walked together to the college-gates, and there Mr. Carter paused, and saying: "God bless you, my son, in the new life," turned reluctantly homeward. It was the tenderness which he showed to all his children. A few years thereafter, while the family were spending the summer at Olean, where his son was supplying the church in that place,

his youngest daughter was seriously ill. One day while the rest of the family were at dinner, Mr. Carter sat with his daughter, Jessie, who was suffering intensely. At length she said: "Read something, father." Without loosing his clasp of her hand, he began to say with a voice which vibrated with tenderest sympathy:

"Such pity as a father hath  
Unto his children dear;  
Like pity shows the Lord to such  
As worship Him in fear."

Afterward in telling her mother of the incident, his daughter said: "I never conceived how much that sentence meant until that moment, when I saw how much father was suffering because I was pained."

In June, 1885, the eldest daughter, Anna, was married to the Rev. Harry H. Henry, now at Birmingham, Pa. As the young people were leaving the house, after the wedding festivities, Mr. Carter stood in the doorway and in a voice

vibrant with the yearning love of his fatherly heart, said to the departing bride and groom: "The Covenant blessing go with you." That godspeed was laden with the memories of oft-repeated instruction given in the home throughout the years, and the story of divine faithfulness to her forefathers for many generations.

In September of the same year his son James, who had completed his theological studies and had been called to the charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Mendham, N. J., married Miss Emma A. Smuller, daughter of the late Rev. Henry W. Smuller, going at once to his new charge. Thus the household became smaller and quieter, though visits were frequent from the married members of the family, and those in the old home delighted in extended visits at the manses in the country. In both congregations Mr. Carter quickly won the affection of the people by his bright, sympathetic

humanness. He addressed the congregation in church and prayer-meeting, and after the first visit the question was frequently asked: "When is your father coming again?" a query which became more pressing with the flow of years.

His power in public address was greatly enhanced by his remarkable gift of fitting and practical illustration which not only enforced the teaching, but also fixed it in the memory. Instances have already been given. A complete presentation would fill a good-sized volume. As illustrative of the growing extravagance in popular notions of the necessities of life, he would tell of an old Scotchman who was asked how it was that he had been successful in life whereas his son who had better advantages had not prospered. "Weel, ye ken," said he, "when my guid wife an' I stairted life thegither, we had the parritch three times a day. When we began to get up a bit in the warld, we had a chuckie (chicken) noo and then.

But my son John an' his wife, they began wi' the chuckie."

In illustration of the value of personal influence in Christian work Mr. Carter at times told of corn-planting on the farm when he was a boy. A little pocket was made in the earth by a skilful stroke of the hoe, five grains of corn dropped in and covered by another movement of the planter's implement. That with most persons completed the planting, unless there were given in addition a firm pressure of the hoe over the spot. In the days of his young manhood, there frequently helped them on the farm in Saratoga County a man whose name was Jesse Sandford. It was his habit in planting to add one feature to the ordinary method of doing the work; as he stepped forward to drop the corn into the next hill, he planted his foot immediately over the corn already dropped and so made the earth firm above the seed. It was noticed that the corn planted by Jesse Sandford gave better

results than that from any other hand; and Mr. Carter gave practical reasons why that seed would be more likely to sprout, and to be safe before sprouting than that which had been planted with less pressure. From the illustration he would pass to the application of personality to Christian work. The work which had the most personal impress was the best and most fruitful.

Perhaps none of his illustrations obtained more celebrity than that employed one evening in the prayer-meeting in the Memorial Presbyterian Church, now called the Madison Avenue Church. Shortly after the great debt of \$125,000 had been paid off, Mr. Carter arose one Wednesday evening and remarked that for a long time in that room they had been hearing frequently of the great burden under which the church was resting. They had been congratulating themselves on the great work that they had been accomplishing, and had excused themselves from very

many of the additional claims upon their liberality because of the great debt which they had been paying off. Breaking off abruptly from these remarks, Mr. Carter began to tell of the market-town of Melrose in Scotland to which, in his boyhood, he was accustomed to go with his father on market days. While his father was busy in the market-place, the little, white-haired Scotch laddie would wander beneath the broken arches of the old abbey, and lie on his back on the close grass which had grown up among the ruins, looking up and studying the wonderful carving and tracery of the stone roof. The various grotesque figures sculptured by the monks were a source of great amusement to the little boy; and one of them in particular attracted his attention. It was the figure of a man carved into a bracket. He appeared to be holding up the arch which sprang from above his head, and he had every appearance of straining to support the great weight, and

his eyes were turned upward and his face was distorted in pain, as if the agony of the burden were greater than he could bear. In the lapse of centuries, by the hand of the destroyer, the arch had been broken down; but, though the weight was removed, the figure carved in stone retained its old expression of agony.

The incongruity of it had appealed strongly to his boyish nature, and now it seemed remarkably applicable to the condition of the Memorial Church. Once they had had a great burden, a mighty debt; but that debt had been removed, and still they were talking about the pressure that was upon them, and the necessities that they were under, forgetting that all that had passed away. The pastor of the church, Dr. Chas. S. Robinson, told the story in the presence of a number of distinguished clergymen, among whom was Dr. Henry H. Jessup of Beirut, Syria. Not long after, Dr. Jessup was elected moderator of the General Assembly, and

in the course of their discussions, Dr. Jessup in speaking of the Church's attitude toward the great Mission Boards and the debt which had been paid, used this illustration for the encouragement and stimulation of the Church at large. The author's name was not given; but the influence of the Christian elder in the aptness and force of his thought was felt throughout the length and breadth of the Church he so much loved.

## VIII.

DURING these years the family life was saddened by the painful and continued illness of the youngest daughter, Jessie, who had grown to a beautiful young womanhood; and who continued to be the darling of the family. Various experiments were made on her behalf, and visitations to different health resorts. At length, while at the home of her brother, then settled in Williamsport, Pa., in the month of July, 1890, she passed from the seen and temporal to the unseen and eternal.

A life so lovely, in the seclusion of suffering and sanctified happiness, is rare indeed. Her childhood was sunny and joyous. She was a winning little thing,—merry, bright, lively, affectionate. She was fond of everybody, and heart-broken at any unkindness or ill-temper.

But the glad childhood ended in an accident which caused much pain, and separated her for a time from the occupations and enjoyments of her companions. The affliction was bravely and cheerfully borne; but, after health returned, she was rather serious and thoughtful for her years, and under trial her lovely Christian character matured rapidly.

After a brief period of health, succeeded a time of greater suffering, so quietly borne that few were aware of it. Though regarded by strangers as an invalid, she was always busy and useful. She made the comfort of those about her her especial care, and the aim of an untiring ministry. She had also her favorite missions, which had her constant prayers, and to which she delighted to contribute.

Had her health permitted her to move in society, where her vivacity, good-humored wit, and acknowledged charms of manner and character would have made her a favorite, her accomplishments must

have commanded admiration. She was proficient in German, in vocal music, in delicate needle-work, a dainty artist with pencil and water-color, a fine reader. Yet she never sighed for the distinction or the pleasures denied to her, but was contented and happy in her limited sphere, tenderly considerate of others, employing her unusual powers of mind in the loving study of God's Word and works.

During her last days on earth, burning with fever, racked with pain, she uttered no impatient word. Her chief thought was for the watchers by her couch, to spare them trouble, to thank them for the smallest service.

"Very early in the morning, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," she asked her sister, "Is it so dark outside?" The light being then extinguished, and the curtains raised, bright sunshine streamed in. Looking up with a sweet smile, she exclaimed repeatedly, "What a change!" In the funeral

address, her brother recalled this, saying, "She has passed from the dim gaslight of this world into the sunlight of the eternal Sabbath."

Soon after noon, her family gathered about her. She looked around at them, and said, "When shall we all stand together and sing?" At her mother's suggestion, two stanzas of "Jesus, lover of my soul," were sung, the dying girl joining in the singing. As they paused, her clear contralto voice began, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," and continued distinctly to the close. Then followed one sweet, familiar hymn after another, in which she joined until her voice failed, when her lips still moved with the words. When all thought her unable to speak, she recited aloud "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for

you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

The physician who attended her said, "That death-scene was better than all the sermons I have ever heard." She asked to have her hands crossed upon her breast, then said, "Oh, Father, take me!" Later, she asked, "Did you hear Him? He spoke!"

Very tremulous, at the last, were the voices that sang:

"While I draw this fleeting breath."

They sang to the end, but they knew she had no more need of earthly music. She had entered her Father's house with song.

From this time the bereaved mother failed rapidly, despite the care and devotion lavished upon her by those who remained in the home. Her health, always delicate, had been undermined by successive attacks of pneumonia. For

several years she rarely left the house during winter weather. Yet in no wise did she relinquish her position at the head of the household, or her interest in public affairs. Her sufferings were borne not only with much patience, but her manner maintained its usual animation. In October, 1892, Mr. Carter and his wife attended the Conference of the Friends of the Indian at Lake Mohonk. Mrs. Carter had always been deeply interested in the Indian race, and had given freely to their aid. She enjoyed the conference greatly, mingling brightly and freely with the throng of guests.

While she was there, a physician made a careful examination, and informed her that though there was no danger of sudden death, the condition of her heart made it well-nigh certain that she must succumb to any severe strain, such as serious illness would bring. She looked at him with a smile, and replied: "You understand that it makes no difference to me, but it might

' be a great shock to my family.' At the close of March, 1893, she took a slight cold which developed rapidly. The skill of an expert physician, accompanied by careful nursing, warded off the dreaded pneumonia; but on the morning of April 6th, in a moment hardly to be defined, the weary heart faltered and failed, and her sufferings were at an end.

Dazed by the suddenness of the event, Mr. Carter nevertheless attended to all necessary arrangements without any indication of the effect which the blow had had upon him, until he found himself alone with his daughter, Agnes, who had remained in the home. Then he said to her, with his usual forgetfulness of himself: "My poor child, it is worse for you than for me. I'll not be here very long, but you have your life before you." As in all the former trials of his life, he was sustained by the hand of his Heavenly Father; and he went forward in the might of faith. The unseen country he felt to

be near, and the hour of his own departure he was persuaded was not distant. He took up the tasks of life with resolution and cheerfulness, devoting himself to his children and his little granddaughter, and to the larger work which was always open to him in the world.

Before the parting which she felt must be too sudden for words, Mrs. Carter, with the affectionate forethought of a tender wife and mother, had spoken her last wishes concerning the days that were to be. "Leave the house when I am gone," she said. "It will be lonely for you here. Go and travel. You both are fond of traveling and it will do you good." In particular she had been desirous that Mr. Carter should attend the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the coming May. In response to that desire Mr. Carter and his daughter went to Washington and attended the sessions of the Assembly during the incidents of the famous Briggs trial. There

Mr. Carter met many friends, and was joined by his daughter, Mrs. Henry, with her family. During the following summer he was present at the August conference in Northfield, into the spirit of which he entered with great delight; and from that time it seemed possible to him once more to resume his public work of addressing audiences on religious and missionary subjects.

The following three winters Mr. Carter and his daughter spent in Morristown, N. J., where he had many relatives and friends, taking an active interest in the South Street Church and in the Market Street Mission, where his voice was heard frequently and his presence heartily welcomed. In the summer of 1894 he took his daughter, Agnes, to Europe, his mind on the alert to receive fresh impressions. He seemed to renew his youth in the rapid succession of new and strange scenes. He was especially enthusiastic over the recent excavations which have

revealed to modern eyes ancient Rome with its high material civilization and refined barbarity. Most of all was he pleased with all that was connected with the life of Paul the apostle. To stand in the Mamertine Prison, to ride along the Appian Way, to read the names of Onesimus and Tryphena and Tryphosa, where they were carved long centuries ago, made him as gleeful as a boy. He visited his old home in Scotland, but there were many changes which naturally made him sad. He returned full of bright energy, and thoroughly filled with the spirit of travel; and hardly was he again in the house at Morristown, N. J., before he was planning for a trip to the West in the following summer.

In May, 1895, he attended as a commissioner the General Assembly at Pittsburgh. Few elders had been more frequently honored than himself by election to the highest court of the Church. On this occasion he accepted the task reluc-

tantly, feeling that his strength was hardly adequate to such strenuous service as he had often rendered. The question of the new Presbyterian Building on Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York, was to come before that Assembly; and, though Mr. Carter specially requested that he should not be put on any committee, yet it was felt that one who knew the history of the case from the beginning and was recognized as a judge of the value of New York real estate, could not be spared at such a crisis. The first meeting of the Committee on Home Missions demonstrated the value of his presence there. His calm, clear, and forceful statements and moderate counsels tended to avert conflict and allay opposition; and so led the way to the decision which at last prevailed.

During the hearing on behalf of the cause of Foreign Missions, the late Dr. Gillespie made an eloquent appeal for the raising of the heavy debt which lay upon

the Board, lamenting the impossibility, in consequence of the deficit, of sending as successor to the departed Dr. Good of Africa, a young man who with his wife stood ready to fill the vacant post. In the enthusiasm thus aroused it was proposed at once to raise the sum necessary for this latter purpose, and for the first year's salary of the missionary. One after another sprang to his feet exclaiming: "I and my church pledge \$100." Mr. Carter had not as yet taken his letter from the church in New York and did not feel authorized to speak either for that or for the church which he then was attending. So on his own behalf, he said quietly: "I will give fifty dollars." The moderator, Dr. Robert R. Booth, hearing this, exclaimed with warmth: "God bless you, Brother Carter, and bless all of the Carter name who came over from Scotland to help us."

At the adjournment of the General Assembly, Mr. Carter journeyed west-

ward, visiting his only surviving sister, then eighty-three years of age, in the home of her son, the Rev. Thomas C. Kirkwood, D.D., at Colorado Springs. Thence he travelled to California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska, returning by the Northern Pacific Railway to visit the Yellowstone Park. On entering the National Reservation, Mr. Carter stipulated that they should have the privilege of staying over Sunday at the Fountain Hotel. There they found no religious service nor any recognition of the day of rest. On Monday morning it appeared that the party who had entered the park a day later than themselves had caught up with them. In this party was a lady who had been their fellow passenger on the steamer *Queen* in the Alaska trip. She entered at once into a conversation with Mr. Carter; and, on learning that he had rested quietly while she had been hurried on through hours of travel and sight-seeing the day before, her eyes filled

with tears, and she said: "Oh! I wish I had done the same, but I didn't know what to do. I am alone, and I joined myself to a party which made no arrangements for stopping on Sunday; so I felt obliged to come on. You remind me of my father. He is an old man now, over eighty. How badly he will feel when he knows his daughter was traveling all day yesterday." "I am seventy-two years of age," said Mr. Carter, "and I can say with Moses that my eye is not dim nor my natural force abated. People often ask how it is that I enjoy such health and vigor. I think it is because I have kept the Fourth Commandment all my life."

To this trip Mr. Carter had brought the same freshness of interest that stirred him in his former travels. On his return he lectured by request on the incidents of this tour, in Morristown and in the churches of his son and his son-in-law at Williamsport and Birmingham, Pa. These lectures were marked with all the vivacity and

enthusiasm which always had characterized his addresses. The missionary features observed in the trip especially interested him, particularly the Mormon problem and the evangelization of the Alaskan Indians.

In April, 1896, his daughter Agnes was married to Mr. Frank G. Mason, a lawyer of New York City, great-grandson of the Rev. John M. Mason, who was pastor of the Scotch church when Mr. Samuel Thomson was an elder there. The business of his son-in-law rendered closer connection with New York necessary, and Mr. Carter reluctantly relinquished the home in Morristown, which had been a most happy one, and selected Montclair as a place of residence. He was already known to all the Presbyterian ministers of the place, and was warmly welcomed in all the churches. While endeavoring to make a difficult choice between churches so attractive, he attended the prayer-meetings in turn, taking part fre-

quently and receiving eager attention. That his words had a marked effect was evident at the time and still more after his departure.

"I know from their own lips," said one of the pastors, "that there are Christians in Montclair whose names Mr. Carter has not heard, whose lives have been lifted to a higher level of spirituality by his words."

One of the church members wrote to Mr. Carter's daughter, speaking of one of his addresses: "It seemed as though he was inspired to speak as he did, and I felt almost as though I had listened to one of the prophets."

During the summer of 1896, Mr. Carter joined his son at Clifton Springs, and there learned to ride the bicycle. He enjoyed his new accomplishment greatly, and came home with some amusing stories of his experiences. "When you are once able to ride," said he, "you want to go faster and faster. My teacher used to run ahead

of me and I shouted to him: ‘Get out of my way, or I will run right over you.’” When he rode well enough to go alone, he still was liable to be “object-struck.” His son noticed him to be heading toward two trees with the intention of passing between them. Near the trees a young couple sat on the grass with their backs toward him, quite absorbed in their own conversation.

“Look out, Father, don’t run into that tree,” called his son.

“No,” shouted the clear voice, “I am not going to run into that tree, but I am going to run into that young couple.” “And you never saw anybody get up and scatter as quickly as those two,” he added gleefully as he told the story. Speaking of a conversation with Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the “Christian Advocate,” Mr. Carter said: “I met Dr. Buckley on the cars to-day and told him I had been learning to ride the bicycle. I told him my trainer said it was all com-

prised in two maxims, ‘Turn as you tip’ and ‘Keep on pedaling.’

“Dr. Buckley responded: ‘That is good Methodism. Work out your own salvation.’

“‘No,’ said I, ‘it is faith and works. Turn as you tip, that is faith. Keep on pedaling, that is works.’”

In the following October the church at Inwood on the upper end of Manhattan Island, which was built by Mr. Samuel Thomson, Mr. Carter’s father-in-law, celebrated its jubilee. At the request of the pastor, Mr. Carter had promised to attend and give his recollections of the beginnings of the church. While waiting for the train in the Thirtieth Street station, he was amused by a conversation between a gentleman and a lady, the only other passengers in the waiting-room. Each had explained to the other that the purpose of the trip was to attend the semi-annual celebration, when one asked who was expected to speak. The reply was: “Mr.

Carter, son-in-law of Mr. Thomson, the founder of the church.”

“Mr. Carter? why, he is dead! He died seven years ago. I went to his funeral.”

“Oh, no,” was the answer, “you are mistaken. He is very much alive. This is Mr. Walter Carter, not Robert.”

As both brothers were sons-in-law of Mr. Thomson, the mistake was not an unnatural one. After an historical address by the pastor of the church, Mr. Carter gave his reminiscences, speaking extemporaneously with peculiar pathos and power. At the close he remarked: “We believe in the communion of the saints, the saints on earth and the saints in Heaven. In this glad hour, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, my dear wife and children, and the multitude of the redeemed, who, having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, have gone up from this place, and are now before the throne of God, are looking from the battlements of Heaven,

rejoicing in our joy, and cheering the struggling church to yet greater victories.” How near in that hour Mr. Carter himself was to the multitude of the redeemed, he had very little conception. He was still strong and full of life and cheer, often running to catch up with his friends in the street, and full of the brightness of a strong Christian life.

In September, Mr. Carter had written from Atlantic City to his daughter at Birmingham:

“Here we are on the bounding ocean. I so wish you were all with us; how Elsie and I could stroll along the beach, drink in the sea-air, and draw in health and strength as we look over the boundless ocean. How delightful it would be!

“And now dear little Elsie’s birthday is to-morrow, and then she is eight years old. What a wise little woman she must be with such a grandmother and such a father and mother! How my heart goes out to the dear child! Such a comfort

and joy she has been to us all; the good Lord bless her more and more. What shall I do without her company when I come to see you, and she is in school? I must join the gymnasium too."

In December, Mr. Carter visited Birmingham, spending Christmas at his daughter's home, taking great delight in the companionship of the little granddaughter, so dearly beloved by both grandparents. He was always amused by her prattle, and her old-fashioned expressions drew him out of his loneliness. Hand in hand they were accustomed to ramble whenever they were in city or country; she spoke of him as her "Pard," and the fellowship between the two was tender and beautiful. In this visit he entered into all the festivities with his usual bright animation, encouraging the young people of the church in their meetings and assisting in the decoration of the Christmas-tree for his little granddaughter.

In a special service on Christmas eve, Mr. Carter, in the course of a brief address, said that he liked to hear the people greet one another even on the streets on Christmas morning with a "Merry Christmas," and urged those present to brighten the day for others by so doing. The next morning he went down to the post-office, which was thronged with men. As he opened the door, he was fairly startled by a resounding salutation from the manly voices, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Carter!" So hearty was the united exclamation that for a moment he was silent from very surprise, and then he said: "Thank you, gentlemen; I wish you all the same."

The happiness of the day was shared by his son, who came from Williamsport to join in the festivities, and with whom he left on the day following, waving good-bye to the dear ones who watched with tears his departure, not knowing that it was to be for the last time.

At Williamsport he attended the Christ-

mas festival of the Sunday-school, sitting by the platform, facing the densely-crowded room, greatly enjoying the doings of the children. Many afterward said that his face that night was like a benediction upon them all, glowing with the light of his Saviour.

On January 4, 1897, he returned to Montclair, arriving in the evening, apparently not greatly fatigued after a journey of ten hours. Learning that one of the pastors had made a special request that he should, if possible, attend the opening meeting of the "Week of Prayer," he set forth cheerfully, and made a brief address, as he did at each of the nightly meetings during that week.

Few who listened have forgotten the earnestness and deep spiritual feeling of those little talks. The speaker seemed very near to God, as one living in

"A tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent  
walls."

On one evening, when the subject was “The Communion of Saints,” Mr. Carter rose and with much tenderness spoke of those who had gone before to the land not very far off, those who had been nearest to him on earth, and still were near, though unseen. He spoke of the Saviour in whom the life “hid with Christ in God” was one life here and over yonder. The listeners heard a thrill in the voice that spoke, and saw a strange light in the face, such as those long ago may have seen in the face of the martyr Stephen.

On January 13, Mr. Carter went to New York and spent some hours with his son, kissing him good-bye, as was his wont, when they parted at the foot of the stairs to the elevated railway, and waving him a smiling farewell from the platform.

On January 19, he was again in New York to transact some business, and he also crossed to Brooklyn to appraise some real estate for a friend. He returned

somewhat wearied by the day's exertion; but after a rest, wrote a long business letter concerning the property. The next morning he wrote his last letter, which was addressed to his aged sister living in Colorado. That afternoon he walked four miles with his daughter, talking with much animation, running hither and thither to inspect houses, as they were then in search of a residence. On his return, he read with spirit an amusing book; and, as he finished the last page, he laid down the volume, laughing heartily and saying: "Well, that man is a genius! Now, what's the topic for the prayer-meeting?" He had just ended the allotted chapter when the bell called them to dinner.

Shortly after they were seated, his daughter was alarmed by his changed expression, and by an apparent difficulty in handling his fork. At her suggestion he went upstairs, supported by his son-in-law and a friend. As he rested his head on the back of the chair he said: "Too bad

about the prayer-meeting ; " and then, " Too bad to disturb them so." Some-what later he was assisted to bed, con-scious and intelligent, conversing with those about him.

When he was made comfortable, his daughter sat beside him, and said:

" Shall we have prayers now ? "

" Oh, yes."

His son-in-law began the familiar psalm: " The Lord is my Shepherd," and Mr. Carter's clear, strong voice took up and continued to the close the words of the first psalm and the last that the Scottish Christian repeats.

Again the younger man began, " Our Father," when once more the voice which had so often led that prayer repeated it for the last time on earth, and added at the close:

" Bless us all. Bless those who have been so kind to us. Grant us refreshing sleep, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Soon thereafter he fell asleep, and so

continued without return of consciousness for twenty-four hours. As he lay breathing deeply, he looked so natural and reposeful that it seemed to those watching that "If he sleep,—he shall do well."

"Dear Uncle Walter," softly exclaimed a niece who stepped gently into the silent room, "he looks just as he always did. I can't believe it. The doctor must be mistaken."

But the physician's experience gave no ground for hope from the outset; and as the hours crept by, the heavy breathing grew a little fainter and less regular.

"So fades a summer cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

There was time for his only remaining brother to come and stand beside his bed. But the beloved son and daughter, speeding over the long lines of rail between their homes and his, came not until the sleep had ended. At seven in the evening

appeared a sudden change. A growing pallor, a few gentle sighs, and the fetters were broken, the bright spirit fled away home.

It was Thursday, the twenty-first of January, 1897.

## VII.

ON Monday, January 25, Trinity Church, Montclair, N. J., was filled with those who gathered to do honor to one whose activity had brightened more lives than it is permitted to most men to touch with influence; and, as one after another rose to speak of what he had known of the life of Walter Carter, many were the faces bathed in tears. Not only those assembled there, but far and wide from Atlantic to Pacific, and on the islands of both eastern and western seas, were those possessing a sunny remembrance of a face aglow with the light of God, a grasp instinct with His love, and a voice vibrant with His joy.

The following friends of Mr. Carter acted as pall-bearers: Messrs. John E.

Parsons, Scott Foster, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Algernon S. Frissell, all of New York City, James S. Baker of East Orange, Thomas Russell and Parke Lathrop of Montclair, and Lieut. William Watts of Morristown.

After the reading of appropriate passages of Scripture by the Rev. Orville Reed, pastor of the church, the Rev. Edward P. Payson, pastor of Grace Presbyterian Church, Montclair, read Watt's version of the Ninetieth Psalm, beginning:

“ Our God, our Help in ages past,  
    Our Hope for years to come,  
    Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
        And our eternal Home.”

After the singing of this psalm by the congregation, the Rev. George Alexander, D.D., pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, New York City, spoke as follows:

“ It is not easy, dear friends, to voice  
the thought and feelings of this hour.  
The flood of memories that come sweeping

in upon me does not find ready utterance in words. I cannot but feel that in some sense I am here to acknowledge a debt that I can never pay; a debt to the good friend who has just been taken from us, and to those who have been bound to him by the closest ties of kinship.

“Thirty-one years ago and a little more, I saw the earthly form of his mother laid in its last resting-place, feeling still the impress of her motherly kiss on my cheek, realizing that something had gone out of my life, a power and a presence that had thrown its spell over my boyhood, and been a constant incentive to worthy endeavor.

“That very day I offered myself as a candidate for the Christian ministry. Not until a year ago, and then from the lips of him who is now silent before us, did I learn that this revered and gracious mother, as she looked out from the little cottage by the brook at the barefoot boy passing by, was wont to offer the prayer

that he might one day be a preacher of God's word. How little do we comprehend the forces that shape our destinies!

"This is not the only tie that draws me here to-day. Other tender recollections link my life with the life that has gone from us. His ancestors and mine were friends and neighbors on the smiling banks of the Tweed and the Leader. My grandfather's roof was his first shelter when, sixty-five years ago, he came to this new land. His hands and mine were in boyhood roughened in the struggle to wring a livelihood from the same stiff and stony soil.

"In later years, when we became absorbed in the great life of the city, and returned occasionally to the old church among the hills, my boyish feeling and fancy were often aroused by hearing him speak concerning the things of the kingdom, drawing from a fountain of fact and incident which seemed inexhaustible, lessons which did not fail to impress my

childhood, and turn my thoughts to things heavenly and divine. In still later years, I have known him intimately, not merely as a factor in the mercantile life of a great city, but as filling a very much larger space in that world of Christian thought and effort and experience which was so dear to him. There he has made his name the synonym for probity and fidelity, for kindness and helpfulness. In laboring and praying for the best things, he gained the meekness of wisdom, and the wisdom of meekness. He served his generation according to the will of God, and has "fallen on sleep." It has pleased God to give him a peaceful exit from what we call the land of the living, to join the glorious company of those who live forever.

"One thought that impresses itself on my mind as I stand here, is that Christian training, unshaken belief in the great verities of the Christian religion, and diligence in Christian service stand the

test,—especially that crowning test of all things, the question: ‘What is the fruit thereof?’ We who have known and loved this man of God, and have felt his influence in so many interests that are dear to God and to all good men, who have recognized his strength under trial, and his helpfulness to those in trouble, who have been cheered by the bright and breezy atmosphere which attended him, and by his unclouded view of the world eternal, cannot but confess that there is something in Christian faith and life that pays; something that makes human character symmetrical and strong, and that brings its gracious reward to such as know its power.

“I observed the form in which our friend’s departure was announced in the death notices, ‘Entered into glory,’ and could not refrain from repeating to myself the couplet:

“‘The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below.’

"I think of no one to whom there would be less sense of shock or change in passing from this present world into the world beyond. The things which he lived for, the things which filled his mind and delighted his heart here, are the things which will occupy and delight him in the heavenly country to which he has gone. It will be to him no strange region. He is gathered not only to his fathers, but to his children. Absent from the body, he is at home with the Lord. We who are assembled here do not sorrow as those who have no hope. We rejoice rather in the course that has been run, we rejoice in the blessed assurance that his life, released from the cumbering flesh, is now developing under the smile of God, and in the companionship of the Saviour whom he trusted and adored. God give us grace to follow in such ways that for us the end may be peace."

The Rev. Edward S. Wolle, pastor of the Moravian Church of Philadelphia, then

spoke of his relation to Mr. Carter as follows:

“ Dear friends, I scarcely know why, out of the large circle of those who were the intimates of our departed brother, it should have fallen to my lot to speak on this occasion. But I am here to-day, in order to say a few words in testimony of what Mr. Carter was in his home. I cannot look back over as many years of acquaintance with him as the brother who has first spoken, as it was but comparatively a short time ago that the acquaintance began, which has proved to me so helpful and stimulating. It was in the summer of 1880, at Bethlehem, Pa., where we met. Together with his family he came and sojourned for a month or more in the old town, bent on studying on the ground the manners and customs of a people whom God had been pleased to use in the extension of Christ’s kingdom in the world. It was my privilege at this time to take the place of guide, and to

open to his view something of the history of Bethlehem. We visited the old church and ancient houses that stand as monuments to the faith and courage of the early settlers, who were so intent on doing the Lord's work. The deep interest with which he entered into the church-life during this visit endeared our friend to us all.

"In the autumn of the same year came my call to serve the Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and, during the years of this my first pastorate, the acquaintance begun at Bethlehem ripened into the friendship that has proved such a blessing. It was in his own house, where I found myself a frequent and welcome guest, that the life of the departed appeared most beautiful. He loved his home; and all who entered it realized that here was a family that truly lived in the love of God. There was nothing that more impressed those who knew Mr. Carter best than just this. He lived in the love of God, and the gentle

and genial influences of his life were felt by all with whom he came in touch.

“ Truly it was an untold blessing to the young man starting out in his ministerial career to have come under the influence of one who so truly exemplified in his every word and act the teachings of the blessed Master whom he loved so devotedly, and whom it was his pleasure to obey. There was a certain naturalness about the religion of this good man that made him seem different to most men. He truly had within him a well-spring which kept up its steady flow, and made his home a very Canaan of delight. As I came over to New York this morning, I read the words of Jesus, which He addressed to the Father on the night of His betrayal: ‘ Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou has given Me.’ These blessed words brought to mind the vision of that brighter and better home,

where the circle is ever widening, and where we shall soon all be gathered, and shall realize that we are indeed one family.

"To our dear friend, Mr. Carter, Heaven was a reality, and one could not long be in his company without being impressed with this fact. Like Abraham of old, he, too, 'looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' Heaven was his home, and his thoughts and longings were there. And now, for him, faith has been changed into sight, and hope has met its full fruition. We believe that he has just begun to live; that death has been to him but an experience in life, and that he has now entered into the glory of the redeemed, and sees Him whom he loved while here and served so well. May we each and all follow in his footsteps and be permitted when life's course is run to share with him the full enjoyment of the pleasures which await God's dear children at His own right hand."

The congregation then united in singing the familiar hymn, beginning:

“How blest the righteous when he dies.”

After which the Rev. William F. Junkin, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Montclair, spoke as follows:

“It is a very great privilege, my friends, to God’s people everywhere and always to bear witness to the grace of Christ. Such is our privilege to-day. We are here to magnify the grace of God in the character and life of one of the purest and most devoted of His servants. Were those dear lips now sealed in death permitted to utter the thought that I feel sure is foremost in his mind and heart to-day, he would say as did the holy apostle of old, ‘by the grace of God, I am what I am.’”

“Mr. Carter had lived in this town only a few months; but those few months, some nine or ten, were enough to endear

him most strongly to a great many people. I do not wonder that those who knew him through long years of cherished friendship are glad to speak the words of admiration and affection to which we have just listened. He well deserved them all. He spoke to us in our prayer-meetings, and the people heard him with great pleasure and profit. He mingled in the social life of the community only to a limited degree; but whenever he was brought into contact with any of our people—I can bear testimony from the hearts and lips of a great number—he drew to himself their tender love, their highest appreciation and almost their reverence. His most prominent characteristic was his religion, so simple and yet so strong, so humble and yet so assured, never self, but always Christ.

“There must have been underneath a life like that some wonderful power, some mighty influence, that bore it up; something that gave it that divine energy and cheerfulness that have been referred to by

his dear friends who have just spoken to us. What was that power? Our brother, Mr. Carter, had a life creed; a creed that had in it both faith and life. That creed was often on his lips and through all life's joys and sorrows was his strength and stay. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.' It was the power of that trust that kept him day by day, that made him the man he was, so lovely, so cheerful, so generous and respected; and in all so simple and natural. He lived by the faith of the Son of God. This underlying power, this faith in Christ, this indwelling of the Holy Ghost, made him the man we so greatly admired and honored and loved. He was a man of business, he was a man of public spirit; but there was nothing secular in the life of Walter Carter. Everything was transacted as in the sight of his Master. He brought everything, his joys, his sorrows, his home, his business to God.

“Though my personal acquaintance was short, I had known of Walter Carter and his brothers for a long time. My honored father often spoke of him and them in the highest terms; and when I came to know him personally, I was prepared to receive the deep and pleasant impressions that entered into my heart. The better I knew him the more I appreciated and honored him. The talks he gave in our prayer-meetings—he was often there—gave evidence of a deep and tender Christian experience. They strengthened the faith and aroused the earnest activity of our people. All who looked into his heart felt that God reigned there—the heavenly light was there. ‘The pure in heart shall see God.’ And so at times it seemed to us as though he had been walking with God; and as he came down from the Mount of Communion, his face shone as though it had been the face of an angel. You have already heard in part the closing scene,

appropriate and most beautiful ending for such a life, the gentle sunset of a long and useful day. So mellow was its light that it seemed almost richer than the noonday splendor; it was so calm and sweet and lovely. He turned aside from the book from which he had been reading aloud to his family, and said: ‘What’s the topic for the prayer-meeting to-night?’ and when they told him, he said: ‘That is a good subject.’ Then as he turned up the passages of the Scripture referred to, said, ‘Can I go this evening?’ The day had been stormy and snowy. They replied: ‘The storm is not too severe;’ and with that purpose in his heart he went to dinner and there was stricken. When carried up to his room and laid upon his bed, he said: ‘What a pity not to be able to go to the prayer-meeting!’ Soon after he repeated the Twenty-third Psalm, always so precious to his heart; and as his children knelt beside him, he breathed a sweet prayer for God’s blessing on those

who had shown him so many kindnesses. Then he gently fell asleep, the sleep soft as that of an infant. He had always been a very happy man, for no man lived a happier life than Walter Carter; but he never knew perfect satisfaction and happiness until he opened his eyes from this last earthly sleep to realize the full meaning of those wondrous words, ‘Satisfied! I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His!’”

The service was concluded by the following prayer offered by the Rev. Wilson Phraner, D.D., of East Orange, N. J.:

“ Almighty and eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we rejoice in Thee as our God and Father in Heaven. From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. God over all and blessed forevermore. Thou turnest man to destruction and sayest: Return, ye children of men. We are but the creatures of a day, crushed

before the moth. Our breath is in our nostrils. While Thou dost uphold us we live. At Thy bidding we die and pass away. In our conscious weakness we rejoice, O God, in our privilege of taking hold upon Thy strength; in our insufficiency, of taking hold of Thine all-sufficiency. In every time of trial and amid all the sorrows of this earthly life, we give Thee thanks, O God, that though we sorrow before Thee to-day, yet it is not as those who are without hope, nor as those who are strangers to the consolations and peace which Thou givest to Thy children. We thank Thee, O our heavenly Father, that Thou hast provided grace adequate to all the emergencies of our earthly life. Administer to us, Thy servants, before Thee, that which we need of comfort and peace and consolation in this hour of our affliction.

“With united heart we render thanks to Thee for this precious life which has been lived upon this earth, that it was so

long continued and that it brought cheer and benediction to so many hearts. We thank Thee, O our heavenly Father, that Thy servant was what he was; and that by Thy grace he was enabled to do what he did for the blessing of many and for the upbuilding of Thy kingdom. We thank Thee, O God, for all the tokens of Thy favor toward Thy servant, for the whole record of his life so marked with the manifestations of Thy love and favor. We rejoice in these precious memories. May they abide with us for our blessing to the end. May these recollections stimulate our faith and courage; and, as we recall the character and spirit of Thy servant, may we be led to follow him in so far as he followed Christ. We especially at this time invoke Thy blessing, O God, upon this afflicted family circle, bowed as they are before Thee in their deep sorrow, yet in their very heart of hearts rejoicing and giving thanks in the memory of Thy great goodness to them and to him who has

now gone from them; upon these children and upon this whole beloved family circle, enriched in so many ways with the tokens of Thy favor and grace, may Thy special blessing rest at this time. May Thy grace be found sufficient and may the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. May every murmur be hushed and their hearts rise to Thee in grateful recognition of Thy favor toward Thy servant both in his life and in his death. May the blessings of a covenant-making and a covenant-keeping God rest upon children and upon children's children to the latest generation.

"We commend to Thee, O Lord, the surviving brother. Of those so long and so intimately associated Thou hast taken one and another, and he alone remains. We commend him, O Lord, to Thee and pray that Thou wilt ever grant him the sense of Thy presence, the assurance of Thy love, and the fulness of Thine

abounding grace unto eternal life. And now, O Father, we leave ourselves in Thine hand. We commit our way to Thee. Wilt Thou direct our steps? We are ignorant and know not what a day may bring; but we leave the future all with Thee, desiring only to know and to do Thy will and to accomplish the work which Thou hast given us here to do. Give us grace to be found faithful even unto the end. Like Thy servant, may we serve our generation; and, having done the will of God, "fall on sleep." Like one of old and even as Thy servant, may it be said of us: 'He walked with God and he was not, for God took him.' Guide us, O Lord, by Thy counsel through all the trials and sorrows that await us here, and when Thou hast wrought Thy will in us and accomplished Thy will by us, then in Thine own time and way take us also to join the great company which have gone before. Take us even to the joy of Thy presence and to the glory of Thy

heavenly kingdom, to behold our Saviour face to face and to rejoice in His fellowship and in the fellowship of all the redeemed, and of all the purified, and of all the sanctified, and of all the glorified who are before the throne of God in heaven; and the glory and the praise of our salvation shall be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, forever and forevermore. Amen.”

On the following day the casket was borne to the family burial-plot in the cemetery at Rhinebeck, where the broad river beside which had lain the chief scenes of his manhood’s activity flows in quiet beauty near his silent resting-place.

“ ‘ Earth to earth and dust to dust,’  
Calmly now the words we say ;  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the resurrection day.”

So might we speak of the precious dust, the physical tabernacle through which the spirit strove to express itself to the world;

but that released spirit in the home eternal, entering upon the triumph appointed to the victors, rather would we address in words spoken above the casket of one of his contemporaries: "At the grave's edge we say to thee, Good night! Through the veil we shout to thee, Good morning!"













